

HUNTING A TURTLE.

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT.

BY CHARLES SELBY.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 11.

First Performed at the Queen's Theatre, September 14, 1835.

MR. TURTLE (an Uxorious Gentleman)	Mr. Selby.
THE HONOURABLE MR. LEVISON (a London Gentleman)	Mr. T. Green.
SMATTER (a Gentleman's Gentleman)	Mr. Barnett.
TIMOTHY DANDYLION (a Rustic Gentleman)	Mr. Mitchell.
JOHN (Servant to the Uxorious Gentleman)	Mr. Sidney.
POSTBOY	Mr. Alexander.
MRS. TURTLE (the better half of the Uxorious Gentleman)	{ Mrs. Nisbett.
	{ Miss Murray.

SCENE.—A Villa in the Country. TIME.—Present day.

TIME IN REPRESENTATION.—Fifty Minutes.

No. 402. Dicks' Standard Plays.

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COSTUME.

MR. TURTLE.—Drab jean shooting jacket, plaid waistcoat, black cravat, white trousers, shoes and gaiters.

MR. LEVISON.—Fashionable brown frock, fancy waistcoat, nankeen trousers, white hat. *2nd dress.*—A large modern great coat, long worsted gaiter stockings, Welsh wig, with coloured handkerchief tied over it, long grey hair, broad-brimmed black hat.

SMATTER.—Top boots and breeches, red striped waistcoat, smart green livery jacket, black hat with gold band and cockade. *2nd dress.*—Handsome hussar jacket, white trousers, sword and cartouch box, foraging cap and gold band. *3rd dress.*—Black Quaker's cut coat, long leather gaiters, eccentric powdered wig with a tail, green spectacles, low-crowned black hat, white neckcloth, cane.

TIMOTHY DANDYLION.—Short-tailed dark blue coat with metal buttons, dark corduroy breeches, broad-striped waistcoat, coloured neckcloth, old-fashioned top boots, green apron, small straw hat. *2nd dress.*—Large brown modern great coat—very long, buttoned up to the throat—very large white neckcloth tied in a bow, large oval-shaped brown hat, green bag.

JOHN.—Handsome livery.

MRS. TURTLE.—Green velvet pelisse, faced with crimson satin, and gold lace, like a hussar jacket, green velvet cap with broad gold band and tassels, handsome arrow belt, and bow. *2nd dress.*—Chintz gown, white lace cap. *3rd dress.*—Large pattern loose dressing gown, with long white sleeves—to be worn over second dress, fastened round the throat only (not compressed at the waist)—muslin cap with very broad borders, hair in a great many papers. *4th dress.*—Fashionable silk or muslin.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R

RC

C.

LC.

L.

♦♦ The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.



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HUNTING A TURTLE.

SCENE, which remains during the Piece.—A Lawn before a Gentleman's Mansion in the Country.—A high wall and gate, L.—French windows in the flat, R. and R. C.—A passage with practicable doors leading to apartments, R. and R. C.—A garden or conservatory in perspective—shrubs, flowers, statues, vases, &c., distributed around in picturesque confusion.—The windows of the apartments are open, discovering handsome carpets, sofas, chairs, &c.

TIMOTHY DANDYLION discovered, watering flowers, &c.

Timothy. (Singing.)

'Twas in the merry month of May,
When bees from flower to flower did hum,
(A bell rings without at gate, L.)

Songers through the town marched gay,
And hall resolved to follow the drum.

(Bell rings again.) Hollo! somebody's a-ringing the lodge bell.

From winders lasses looked a score

(Bell again.) Go it!

Neighbours met at hevery door—

(Bell again—hawling off, R.) Tom, somebody wants you;

Songer lads charmed hevery sight,

(Bell again.) It's not my business to henser it, so they may ring.

Heyes beamed pleasure, 'arts danced light.

(Bell rings furiously.) Hollo! they'll pull it out by the roots. Where is that Tom? (Bell again.) Well, I suppose I must go, though it ain't my business. Don't be in a hurry, I'm a coming. (Singing.) " 'Twas in the merry month of May, &c."

(Opens the gate.)

SMATTER enters, L. U. E.

Smatter. Better late than never. Do you always keep people half an hour at your gate before you admit them, Mr. Gardener?

Timothy. Why, that's as it may happen, Mr. Fatman. If the porter be in the way, perhaps they gets in halfter the second or third ring, but if he's at dinner, or taking his glass, they mustn't be expected to be attended to for half-an-hour at the very least.

Smatter. Indeed! you are cool ones here in the

country, I think; I'm positively certain they would not stand such things in London. Is your master at home?

Timothy. Why, you see, I don't 'xactly know; he's in the house, but prahaps he's not at home for all that. Do you catch the idea? (Winking.) Down as a hammer.

Smatter. Oh, yes, I perceive you have some glimmerings of civilization, though I imagined all you gentlemen who vegetated in the provinces were totally unacquainted with the Chesterfieldian sophistry of us metropolitan artistes, and never practised the polite science of lying.

Timothy. Lor' bless your stupid head, we be as big liars in the country as you is in Lunnon. We knows quite as much as you, and a precious sight more, I can tell you.

Smatter. Really?

Timothy. Ay, to be sure. I don't know what you mean by Chesshirecheesian soppery, or t'other mop-perloppepun hard word, but I'll bet you a shilling I'll circumvent you at anything you pleases.

Smatter. Done! keep your eyes open, young Simon—I'll astonish your feeble intellects. Now to business. (Giving a card.) Give that to your master, and let me know if he's at home to us.

Timothy. (Reading card.) The—what? the Horn-bull Mr. Levy's son—eh? What a rum name, Hornbull!

Smatter. No, no, you are in error. The Honourable Mr. Levison—the honourable is short, you know. (Spelling.) Honble.

Timothy. Oh, the honourable is short, is it? I daresay now, that's wery often the case with lots of honourables. Are you this chap's man?

Smatter. (Conceitedly.) No, I'm his gentleman.

Timothy. (Taking off his hat with mock politeness.) Oh, I axes pardon—excuse my vulgarity. I sees you is a gentleman, you don't look like a man.

Smatter. Eh? (Angrily.) Come, come, Mr. cauliflower, you are g'tting impertinent—be respectful, or I must teach you civility.

(Turning up the cuffs of his coat.)

Timothy. Must you? that's your sort, I wants a little larning. Why don't you begin, Mr. Parsley and Butter? (Squaring.) I'm quite ready. (Squaring.) Do, now, I should so like to whop a gentleman. (Squaring.) Do teach me civility, Mr. Sop in the Pan, I is so wery sarey.

(Squaring.)

Smatter. (Retreating.) No, no, you are in error—I beg leave to decline. (Aside.) Rustic savage, he'd murder me! Don't be so violent, I was only joking; besides, the weather is too warm for

pugilistic encounters—don't be so horribly pugnacious.

Timothy. Pugnacious! come, I say, just look here, now, Mr. Thingum, don't you come for to go to call names, or I'll teach you civility. (*Squaring.*) I'm not a pugnacious, or any other nacious, so be respectable or mind your eye.

(*Squaring.*)
Smatter. No, no, you are in error. (*Aside.*) Rural butcher! Allay your passion, young Strephon, I did not mean to offend; pugnacious is a French word derived from *pugnose-o*, a verb active, signifying—

Timothy. I doesn't care what it signifies—I won't have it, so I tells ye. I'll take master the card, but afore I goes, young clothes-brusher, just let me give you a bit of advice, free gratis for nothing. Don't you try any of your Lunnon tricks on me, or I'll try if I can't knock out a few of your teeth, flatten your nose, and *spile* the beauty of your complexion, so look out, Mr. Lunnon Particular, take care I don't make you a pugnacious!

[*Exit into house, R., knocks at L. D. in the passage, and is seen within as in conversation with his master.*]

Smatter. Make me a pugnacious! unlettered savage—he's as strong as a horse, and as vicious as an uncontrollable bull; he'd think no more of killing (and, I believe, eating) me than he would of discussing his breakfast—I must keep out of his reach. I wonder what can have induced master to leave town—what on earth is the cause of his migration into the country at this dull time of the year? Some petticoatical delusion, I should imagine—nothing else could have seduced him from the habitable world to this North Pole region.

Enter TIMOTHY DANDYLION, from house.

Timothy. Master will come to you directly. Remember, young Lunnon, we've got a shilling a'twuxt us, who can queer and gammou the best. Look out, won't you learn me civility, eh? (*Hitting out.*) Ha, ha, ha! go your hardest, I'll circumvent you, Mr. Lunnon particular. (*Taking up watering-pot, &c.*) I'll show you some Cheshire cheesian soppery—I'll moppperloppun hartiste you, though you does call me a pugnacious!

[*Exit, R.*]

Smatter. That fellow's fate is inevitable—he will be sent abroad at the expense of his country. Oh! the native potentate, the seigneur de village, is coming; I'll impress him with an idea of my consequence.

Enter MR. TURTLE from apartment, R. C., with a card in his hand.

Turtle. You are Mr. Levison's servant, I believe?

Smatter. Yes, sir.

Turtle. Where is your master?

Smatter. At the inn in the village; he despatched me to learn if you were at home and would receive him.

Turtle. Is his lady with him?

Smatter. No, sir—which lady do you mean, sir? we have so many. (*Laughing affectedly.*)

Turtle. (*Sternly.*) I mean his wife, sir—Mrs. Levison.

Smatter. His wife, sir! (*Smothering a laugh.*)

Turtle. His wife. Does my question astonish you?

Smatter. Oh, no, sir, I am too well-bred a man to be astonished at anything; but I was not aware that my master had a wife.

Turtle. Indeed! (*Aside.*) Very strange! How long have you been in his service?

Smatter. I accepted office on the third of May last, I—

Turtle. (*Severely.*) Sir!

Smatter. I beg pardon, sir—I mean I entered his service in May last, at Paris, about six weeks ago.

Turtle. Make my compliments to your master, I shall be happy to see him.

Smatter. Yes, sir. (*Going, L.*) Had I known he was a married man, I would not have consented to superintend him. This is a dem'd false world!

[*Exit through gate, L.*]

Turtle. This visit bodes me no good. Of all my bachelor friends Levison is the most to be dreaded. No doubt he has heard of my marriage, and has come down to see my wife—I'm sure of it—he has impudence enough for anything—I must keep Emily out of the way until I can get rid of him, (*Calling.*) John!

Enter JOHN from house, C.

Where is your mistress?

John. In the orchard, sir, practising for the archery meeting.

Turtle. Request her to come to me immediately.

John. Yes, sir.

[*Exit through passage, C.*]

Turtle. 'Tis cursedly annoying when one gets married and settled, to be hunted up by bachelor friends, who imagine they have a right, upon the strength of former intimacy, to be received and treated as part of one's family. This confounded Levison will try to domesticate himself, as he calls, for a month, at least; I don't like to quarrel with him, but I must find means to prevent his intrusion from going beyond a mere call en passant—he shan't see my wife, I am determined.

Enter MRS. TURTLE, from passage, C., dressed in a fancy archery costume, with bow, arrows, and quiver, &c.

Mrs. T. Do you want me, Charles?

Turtle. Yes, Emily, circumstances have occurred which will prevent me from accompanying you to the archery meeting this morning, and as I do not think 'twould be proper for you to go alone, I'm afraid that—

Mrs. T. I must stay at home. How unfortunate—I anticipated such a delightful day! I have been practising so hard—hit the target every time close to the bull's-eye. Look how well I can draw the bow—sure to have carried off the prize! Do you see that pigeon on the top of the greenhouse? I'll bring him down. (*Shooting off R.—a crash of glass.*) Oh, dear, I've missed and smashed a pane of glass! Never mind, accidents will happen—shoot better another time. What's the matter—why can't we go to the meeting?

Turtle. I expect a person to call on particular business.

Mrs. T. Dear me, that is unfortunate. Can't your visitor go with us?

Turtle. No; the fact is, Emily, I don't wish you to be seen by this person, I—

Mrs. T. Indeed! Is this mysterious person a lady?

Turtle. No, on my honour.

Mrs. T. One of your bachelor friends, then,

whom you are afraid will oblige me with a sketch of your intrigues and adventures—is it not so, you terrible Turk?

Turtle. No, no—I assure you, no; I have other reasons.

Mrs. T. I guess them. You are afraid your friend will fall in love with me. Oh, you jealous monster! I know I am right, so don't attempt to deny it. I have a great mind to make myself agreeable to him on purpose to punish you. Is he young?

Turtle. (Dolefully.) Yes.

Mrs. T. Charming—agreeable?

Turtle. Yes—curse him, a great deal too much so.

Mrs. T. Is he tall and handsome?

Turtle. Yes.

Mrs. T. In the army?

Turtle. Yes.

Mrs. T. Delightful! Wears whiskers and moustachios, of course?

Turtle. Yes—unfortunately, yes.

Mrs. T. Dear creature! What's his name?

Turtle. His name? Why, it's—(Putting card into his pocket, drops it.—Mrs. Turtle picks it up, and reads it.—Aside.) I'm afraid to tell her. (Aloud.) His name's Brown—Captain Brown—you have never heard of him—I'm sure.

Mrs. T. (Looking at card, aside.) Oh, yes, I have, though. Brown is merely a travelling name—his real one is the Honourable Mr. Levison.

Turtle. (Starting, astonished.) Eh? (Aside.) How the devil could she know? Yes, yes, you are right—it is Mr. Levison. Do you know him?

Mrs. T. Oh, yes, he's an old sweetheart of mine!

Turtle. Indeed! (Aside.) Pleasant, upon my life!

Mrs. T. Yes; and do you know at one time I thought he was decidedly smitten with me?

Turtle. Smitten! Ha, ha, ha! (Aside.) Very pleasant! I'm on a gridiron! (Aloud.) Why didn't you marry him!

Mrs. T. I don't know; I was silly enough to prefer you, but I am paying for my folly! You are a disagreeable, jealous wretch! You keep me shut up here in your country house like an eastern slave, indulge all my little whims and caprices as though I were a petted child—but are cruel enough to prevent me from winning the prize at the archery meeting, merely because you don't like me to be seen by my old sweetheart! It's very unkind of you, sir—it is, indeed! (Pretending to cry.) I've a great mind to get up a faint. (Laughing.) Don't look so grave, Turtle, dear, I'll bear my disappointment with Spartan fortitude!

Turtle. Dearest Emily, I see you are laughing at me—excess of affection makes me mistrustful—I confess I am jealous of everyone, but most particularly of this confounded Levison—although he is married now, still I'm afraid of him. Oblige me by remaining in your apartment till he is gone—do, Emily, and set my heart at rest.

Mrs. T. No; you have raised my curiosity, and I am determined to see this dangerous character. No expostulation, I will, there, sir—I say I will.

Turtle. (Angrily.) Mrs. Turtle!

Mrs. T. (Flippantly.) Mr. Turtle, I will if you will let me. Dear Charles, forgive me, I do but jest—I never saw or heard of Mr. Levison in my life.

Turtle. Indeed! How then did you become acquainted with his name?

Mrs. T. By this card, which I saw you drop. (Laughing.) Don't be jealous any more—let me see your formidable friend, and trust to my ingenuity to send him away.

Turtle. What do you mean to do?

Mrs. T. To frighten him out of the place, and make him forswear flirting for the rest of his life.

Turtle. Well, I will trust you, but be cautious—remember my happiness is at stake.

Mrs. T. Fear nothing—leave all to me. Do you receive him while I arrange my plan of attack; don't be astonished at anything I may say or do, but be ready to take a hint and assist me. I'll make him an example for the benefit of rakes in general.

[Exit into house, through R. window.]

Turtle. Madcap! what does she intend to do? No matter—I know I can trust her.

Lev. (Without at gate, L.) Discharge the chaise, and bring over my portmanteau.

Turtle. Bring over his portmanteau! Confound him, he calculates on making a stay.

Lev. (Without) Take care of the guns and fishing rods.

Enter LEVISON, L.

My dear Turtle, how d'ye do? Surprised to see me, no doubt! Sly dog, got married, and thought to give us all the go-by, eh? Made a bet I'd ferret you out, and here I am. Ha, ha, ha! how's your wife, Turtle? Ha, ha, ha!

Turtle. (Aside.) I thought so. (Coldly.) Mrs. Turtle is quite well, but I am—

Lev. I know—you are cursedly annoyed at my visit. Don't look grave and sapient, you know my stupid rattling off-hand manner; we are old friends, and you ought to have a better opinion of me than to suspect—ridiculous! Besides, I am a Benedict myself—and a fellow feeling, you know—so make your mind easy, I don't care a straw whether you let me see your wife or not.

Turtle. Indeed! what the deuce, then, has brought you here?

Lev. What, do you suppose I came solely for the purpose of seeing Mrs. Turtle? Ha, ha, ha! my dear boy, you are quite mistaken—I never thought of her. No, no, I'm another man now—quite reformed, I assure you. My misfortunes, not your wife, have brought me here.

Turtle. Misfortunes! (Laughing.) Pshaw! what misfortunes can you have met with?—ridiculous. Ha, ha, ha!

Lev. I'm in earnest—my misfortunes and losses have been various—in fact, too numerous to mention. In the first place, I've got a wife—

Turtle. Do you call that a misfortune?

Lev. You a married man, and doubt it! I have lost my liberty; in the next place, I betted on the wrong horse, and lost my money; next, I made love to a coquette and lost my time, had a quarrel in consequence with my better half, who gave me no quarter, so I lost my temper; and then I fought a duel, and nearly lost my life; then I lost what I was sorry I ever found, I lost—

Turtle. What?

Lev. My wife—she ran away; I lost her because she found I was a lost man. I went to Paris to drive away care, but it wouldn't do, even there I was lost, for everything had lost its fascination; the wine had lost its flavour, the amusements had

lost their spirit, the women had lost their power of attraction—in short, I lost no time in returning to England, where I found everything in confusion. My creditors found that I was over head and ears in debt, and of course soon found means to annoy me; so, not knowing what else to do, I thought I had better do them. This morning I was found missing, I have found my way to your abode, where I hope to find food and shelter until I can find time to arrange my affairs. (*Crosses to R.*)

Turtle. (*Aside.*) I wish he had been lost altogether, or found at the bottom of a river. I shall never get rid of him. Your situation really distresses me, Levison, particularly as it is out of my power to be of service to you; we are all going to town to-morrow—in fact, we were to have gone to-day.

Lev. How unlucky! I calculated on passing a month with you at least.

Turtle. Indeed! (*Aside.*) I know it. (*Aloud.*) 'Tis very unfortunate! (*Aside.*) If Emily doesn't frighten him away, I'm settled.

Lev. Is Mrs. Turtle at home?

Turtle. No—oh, yes—no, I really don't know.

Lev. No—yes—I don't know! Come, come, Turtle, speak the truth—she is at home, but you are afraid to let me see her.

Turtle. Oh, no, no, no! I'm not certain whether she is prepared to receive company.

Lev. Oh, she won't mind me, I'm an old friend, you know. Don't stand upon ceremony, my dear boy, I never do.

Turtle. (*Aside.*) No, confound you, I know it—you are the most free and easy fellow I ever met with. (*Aloud.*) I'll let her know you are here. (*Going, c.*) I'm afraid he's a fixture.

[*Exit, c.*]

Lev. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha! he believes every word of my story—ha, ha! I shall see his wife! I wonder what sort of a creature she is—a perfect rustic Venus, I dare say. I've managed capitally! How they will laugh at the adventure when I return to London! I'll make myself particularly agreeable, I'll be irresistibly fascinating.

Enter MRS. TURTLE, disguised as a chambermaid, R. window.

Mrs. T. (*Aside.*) There he is—now for my scheme. Hem! sir!

Lev. (*Turning.*) Eh—a woman! (*Aside.*) A pretty one too. How d'ye do, my dear?

Mrs. T. Pretty well, I thank you, sir—how are you? You are the Honourable Mr. Levison, ain't you?

Lev. I am—do you know me?

Mrs. T. No, no, I don't know you, but I know somebody that does.

Lev. Indeed! who is it?

Mrs. T. A young woman.

Lev. A young woman, indeed!

Mrs. T. Yes. Oh, what an insinuating man you must be!

Lev. Insinuating! what do you mean?

Mrs. T. Why, that you are captivating—fascinating! The young woman I allude to is dying in love for you.

Lev. Is she indeed?

Mrs. T. Yes, and she goes on so about you, says such things, and calls you such dear names—lor, to listen to her, one would think you were quite an uncommon man—but I can't say you are over and above handsome or well made either.

Lev. Thank you. (*Aside.*) Flattering, upon my life. But tell me, who is the lady I have been so fortunate as to make an impression upon?

Mrs. T. Betty, our cook.

Lev. Your cook?

Mrs. T. Yes. Oh, you wicked man—Betty Higgins.

Lev. Betty Higgins! Who the devil is Betty Higgins?

Mrs. T. What, do you pretend not to know her? Oh you hypocrite! isn't she your wife?

Lev. My wife!

Mrs. T. Yes, you rattlesnake, your poor deceived, deserted wife—didn't you marry her in Stepney Church?

Lev. Nonsense! are you mad?

Mrs. T. No, sir, I'm quite insane! I've seen the certificate, you sea serpent!

Lev. What the devil are you talking about? You mistake me for some other blackguard—I know no such person as Betty Higgins.

Mrs. T. I thought you would say so, but I don't believe you. She sent me to tell you that she is determined to make you own her, and that if you don't consent to see her immediately, she'll send for a constable and have you taken up.

Lev. The devil she will!

Mrs. T. Yes; so I'd advise you as a friend, if you don't wish to be hanged and transported, to make your escape and get out of the country as fast as you can. Now go, sir—pray do.

(*Trying to push him out at gate.*)

Lev. Pshaw! I have nothing to fear! Let her do her worst, I know nothing about her.

Mrs. T. Very well, you'll repent your obstinacy. Good-bye—I leave you to your unhappy fate, you'll be sure to be sent to the Demon's Land, or else to the Goose River.

[*Exit R. window.*]

Lev. Devilish odd! Am I mistaken for someone else, or is it a trick to get rid of me? Ha, ha, ha! it is a trick, I'm sure of it. I'll outwit you, Mr. Turtle, I will see your wife, in spite of all your plots and contrivances.

Enter SMATTER with portmanteau, through gate.

Smatter. I've discharged the chaise, sir, and brought the portmanteau.

Lev. Very well. Now, Smatter, I want you to second me to counteract a plot which is formed against me—take the portmanteau back to the inn, dress yourself in my uniform, load my pistols with powder only—and return here immediately. Call yourself Captain Smith; I'll give you further directions when you arrive. Away!

Smatter. Yes, sir. (*Aside—going, L.*) If he doesn't tip handsomely, I'll negotiate a cross, and throw him over.

[*Exit L.*]

Lev. With such an accomplished assistant as my rascal, Smatter, a little tact, and a considerable quantity of impudence, I'll outmanoeuvre all the husbands in Europe.

Turtle. (*Without.*) But I say I will!

Mrs. T. (*Without.*) But I say you shall not, sir—do it at your peril!

Lev. A quarrel! what's in the wind now? I wonder?

Enter MR. TURTLE, from c., in great agitation.

Turtle. My dear fellow, I am in great distress! I don't know how to break it to you, but Mrs.

Turtle—my wife—Mrs. Turtle does not wish to see you. I am very sorry—we have had a dreadful quarrel on the subject. She is in an awful rage—scolding, breaking the furniture, and playing the very devil! Now, my dear boy, don't for a moment suppose I wish to get rid of you—far from it, I assure you—but for the sake of my peace and quiet, pray return to the inn.

Lev. If you particularly wish it, I will. *(Going, L., returns.)* But really, Turtle, your wife's conduct is very strange. The world imagines her to be an amiable, good-tempered, mild and gentle creature.

Turtle. Oh, she's quite the reverse, I assure you. Between ourselves, she's a perfect devil—dreadful temper; scold, scold, scold from morning until night; and then she's very apt, when her temper gets the better of her, and that is, I'm sorry to say, two or three times a day, to—*(Doubling his fist and making action of hitting.)* I assure you it's a melancholy fact.

Lev. Ha, ha! what a happy man you must be! No wonder you keep her shut up in the country. Your description has enchanted me—she must be a curiosity! I must see her—I am very fond of vixens.

Turtle. *(Aside.)* The devil! nothing can frighten him! No, no, Levison—for my sake pray go. You don't know what you expose me to.

Lev. I do—a good thrashing! but never mind, you are used to it. I'll take no excuse. Let me see her, or I'll introduce myself.

(Going up to house.)

Turtle. *(Detaining him.)* No, no, I request—

Lev. *(Trying to get away.)* Yes, yes, I insist—

Mrs. T. *(Without—in a sharp, angry tone.)* Mr. Turtle!

Turtle. There she is—go away, or I shall be murdered!

Mrs. T. *(Without.)* What is the meaning of that disturbance, sir? Isn't that fellow gone?

Lev. Fellow! she can't mean me!

Enter MRS. TURTLE, from C., in an eccentric morning wrapper—her head covered with curl papers, and a night-cap, with very broad borders.

Mrs. T. Very pretty, upon my word? *(Half aside to Turtle, in a tone of subdued rage.)* How dare you disobey me! Did I not tell you I would not see that man?

Turtle. *(R., pretending alarm.)* Yes, my love, but—

Mrs. T. *(C., half aside as before.)* Hold your tongue, sir! *(Shaking him.)* How dare you answer me?

Lev. *(Aside.)* What an amiable creature!

Mrs. T. *(Crossing to Levison—with a bland smile, and overstrained politeness.)* Sir?

Lev. *(Bowing.)* Madam!

Mrs. T. Do you perceive that gate?

Lev. *(Bowing.)* Yes, madam.

Mrs. T. It is open, I believe.

Lev. Yes, madam.

Mrs. T. Will you oblige me by—

Lev. Shutting it—certainly madam. *(Going.)*

Mrs. T. No, sir, by going out by it—by taking your leave.

Lev. Madam! *(Aside.)* Particularly cool, I must say!

Turtle. But my dear—

Mrs. T. If you dare to say another word, I'll—

(Doubling her fist—Turtle shrinks away to Levison.) Will you go, sir. *(Mildly pointing to gate.)*

Lev. I am very sorry that—

Mrs. T. *(In an agitated tone.)* Will you go, sir?

Lev. Really, madam, I—

Mrs. T. *(Getting angry.)* Will you go, sir?

Lev. Yes, madam, but—

Mrs. T. Sir, I wish to be calm and behave like a lady. Don't irritate me—don't put me in a passion, and oblige me to turn you out! Don't—don't—don't! I am calm now, quite calm—but my blood is beginning to boil! Mr. Turtle! *(In a loud high tone.)* Why do you stand there like a fool, you unfeeling monster—why don't you make him go. *(Pushing him to C.)*

Lev. *(Aside.)* I'm in a pleasant situation here?

Turtle. *(Mildly.)* I'm in a damnable situation! Now, go, Levison, there's a good fellow.

Mrs. T. *(In a violent rage.)* Good fellow! Is that the way you speak to people I don't like? *(Pushing Turtle back again to R.)* Oh, you villain! I can't bear it any longer! I'm in a passion now, and I don't care for anybody or anything! I'll raise the neighbourhood—I'll set fire to the house I'll kill myself—I'll kill you—I'll—*(Turning to Levison—starts wildly.)* Ah, can it be—do my eyes deceive me? Yes it is—no it isn't—let me look again—it is, it is! Oh, oh, oh!

(Faints in Turtle's arms—twists and turns about.)

Lev. What the devil does she mean by it is, and it isn't—oh, oh, oh!

Turtle. Go away! Emily, dear, don't tumble about so, or I shall let you fall.

Mrs. T. *(Pretending to revive.)* Where am I? Ah, he here! Go away—go away! don't let him look at me—oh!

(Turning her head away, shaking her hands in terror, throwing curl papers at him, and taking the stage to R.)

Lev. What is the matter? What does she mean by—*(Imitating her action.)*

Turtle. Nothing—go away, pray do. The fact is, she's deranged—I didn't like to mention it before. Whenever she gets in a passion, she's mad—quite mad!

Mrs. T. Where is he? *(Crossing to C.)* Let me look upon his face. *(Beckons to Levison to approach—he hesitates, alarmed—she seizes him.)* Ah, I know you, though you have died your whiskers and wear a wig! Full well do I remember that unmeaning smile—that idiotic grin. Listen to me, Mr. Timkins—ah, hah! you see I do know you!

Lev. Timkins!

Mrs. T. Ay, Timkins—remember Paris, Timkins—*(mysteriously)*—and let despair gnaw your flesh, icicle your blood, and ossify your heart; think of that night—the thirty second of November—that dark, dismal, dreary, dreadful, d—d, and direful night, when the wind whistled, and the rain rained, and the thunder thundered, and the lightning lightened, as if the fearful fiends in frenzied fiery fury, were kicking up the Old Gentleman's delight—did you not? Come, come, you know you did!

Lev. What?

Mrs. T. What, do you mean to say you did not?

Lev. No, I never did.

Mrs. T. Oh, Timkins, Timkins—I'm ashamed of you! Hark, some one is playing the fiddle.

Lev. Fiddle de dee!

Mrs. T. How it squeaks! It tunes my heart to murder! Look, look, look—there, there, there! (*Pushing Levison about and turning him from side to side.*) Do you not see him there? There—he points at you—he frowns, and calls for vengeance! Timkins, I must kill you—wait here a moment, while I go for my scissors!

[*Exit into house.*]

Lev. Poor creature! quite lost!

Turtle. Quite. Now go, my good fellow, or she'll return and—

Mrs. T. (*Without.*) I've got them.

Lev. Then I'm off—good bye!

[*Runs off through gate, L.*]

Turtle. (*Laughing violently.*) Ha, ha, ha! capital! Ha, ha, ha!

Enter MRS. TURTLE, with a large pair of shears.

Mrs. T. Now villain—Is he gone?

Turtle. Yes—he couldn't stand the scissors! Ha, ha! you did it famously.

Mrs. T. Yes, I flatter myself I did!

Turtle. Thank Heaven, we've got rid of him.

Enter LEVISON, at the gate, L.

Lev. (*Aside.*) I'm afraid I've been hoaxed!

Turtle. Now we'll go to the archery meeting. How well you acted the mad woman. "Yes, it is—no, it isn't!" Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. T. Ha, ha, ha! it's a capital joke! Ha, ha!

Lev. (*Advancing between them.*) Ha, ha, ha! a capital joke! Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. T. Oh, dear!

[*Running off, confused, into house, R.*]

—Turtle walks up and down in a rage
—Levison laughs.

Lev. I say, Turtle—"Yes, it is—no, it isn't!" Ha, ha, ha, ha! It won't do, Turtle—I'm too old to be deceived by so shallow an artifice. You want to get rid of me, but you *shan't*! I'll stay, if it be only to plague you. Don't pretend to get in a passion—it is of no use—stay I will.

Turtle. Mr. Levison, you presume on our former friendship. I do not wish to quarrel with you, but if you persist in remaining here, and intruding on my domestic privacy, I must resort to serious measures.

Lev. You may resort to whatever measures you please—serious or comic. I am ready for anything.

Turtle. This is beyond bearing! You shall meet me, sir, to-morrow morning.

Lev. With the greatest pleasure, sir. In the meantime, have the kindness to order your people to prepare some luncheon—travelling has given me an appetite.

Turtle. (*In a violent rage.*) Mr. Levison, do not compel me to use violence. Oblige me by leaving my grounds.

Lev. I would oblige you, my dear fellow, but you see—

Turtle. Very well, sir—then I know what I must do.

[*Exit into house, R.*]

Lev. Ha, ha, ha! poor Turtle! What a rage he is in—he looks like a wild Indian. Ha, ha, ha! too bad to carry the joke so far. Never mind, I'll make an apology. I am determined not to go until I have seen his wife in propria personæ—I defy anybody to stir me till then.

TIMOTHY enters R., catches him in his arms, and carries him to L.

Timothy. Do you, indeed? You are mistaken, my master. It's no use of your kicking—out you goes! (*Puts him out L., and locks the gate.*) Ha, ha, ha; that's an out and out move.

Lev. (*Without.*) Hollo! open the gate, you rascal!

Timothy. I should think not. Be off, or I'll let the dog loose.

Enter TURTLE, R.

I've done it, sir—I pitched him out like a sack of wheat.

Turtle. Very well, Tim—there's half-a-crown for you.

Timothy. Thankye, sir—I'd put him up the chimney for another half-crown.

Turtle. Be on the watch, and give me notice if he should return.

Timothy. Yes, sir; if he does, I'll duck him in the horse-pond.

Turtle. No, no, come to me—I'll tell you what to do, though I don't think he'll trouble us again.

[*Exit into house, R.*]

Timothy. Don't be too sure o' that—he'll have another try, depend upon it; and when he does, if master don't whop him, I knows the chap wot will, and that's Timothy Dandyion. And then there's young Lunnon pertickler, his servant—the chap as wanted to learn me manners—won't I whop him, if I gets a chance. (*Bell rings without at gate.*) Ah, there's somebody at the gate—perhaps the Hornbull gentlemen has come back again. Who's there?

Smatter. (*Without, L., as Captain Smith.*) Open the gate, and he den'd to you.

Timothy. I shan't till I knows who you are; so tell us your name, and what you wants, or you may kick your heels outside till the beginning of next week.

Smatter. (*Without.*) My name's Smith—Captain Smith. I wish to see your master on particular business.

Timothy. Oh, if you're a captain, and wants to see master on business, I suppose I must admit you. (*Opens gate, L.*) Walk in, Captain—

Enter SMATTER, disguised as Captain Smith, a military fop.

Smatter. How dare you detain me so long at your gate, fellow? Really, upon my honour, I'll complain to your master—I will, upon my honour. (*Aspirating the letter H.*)

Timothy. (*Aside.*) Here's a conceited swell! Yes, sir—thank you, sir. (*Touching his hat.*)

Smatter. I shall insist on his discharging you—I shall really, upon my honour.

Timothy. Yes, sir—thank you, sir. Is there anything else you would like to do, sir?

Smatter. No, sir—tell your master I am here.

Timothy. Yes, sir!

(*Going.—Turns round and looks at Smatter from head to foot.*)

Smatter. What are you staring at, fellow?

Timothy. Why, I be a taking a sight at you. You looks just as if you comed out of a bandbox.

Smatter. What?

Timothy. I axes pardon, sir—you is such a patent polished gentleman—you is, "really, upon my honour!"

(*Imitating.*)

Smatter. You are an impertinent rascal, sir—

abscond, or I shall be obliged to knock you down—(Turning up the sleeves of his coat)—I shall, really, upon my honour!

Timothy. (Observing his action.) Eh? (Looking at Smatter.—Aside.) I'm dashed if it isn't young pugnacious. Won't I pepper him! (Aloud.) Knock me down! No, captain, you wouldn't do that, I'm sure—you wouldn't take the advantage of my weakness. If you were to hit me, I should never get up again—you looks so very strong and hard-fisted. (Pretending to be alarmed.)

Smatter. Well, well, be civil. Don't tremble, young man—I won't hurt you, upon my honour!

(Taking the stage conceitedly to R.—As he pauses, Timothy shakes his fist at him.)

Timothy. Thankye, sir—you are very kind. You'll excuse me, captain, but I guesses what you wants here.

Smatter. Indeed! really, upon my honour—

Timothy. Yes—you comes from the Hornbull Mr. Levy's son!

Smatter. (Aside.) The deuce! how could he know that? (Aloud.) Yes, yes—you are right, young man, I do. He has sent me to demand satisfaction of your master for his conduct this morning. We mean to shoot him.

Timothy. Indeed! "Really, upon my honour!" (Imitating.) Now I tell you what it is, Captain Bandbox, my master is a gentleman, and the Hornbull Mr. Levy's son isn't—no more is his spooney servant chap—so I tells you once for all, we isn't going to stand no nonsense. So, Mr. Captain, I'd advise you to take a hint and march—I would, "really, upon my honour!"

Smatter. Would you, indeed! (Crossing to L., alarmed.—Aside.) I'm in a confounded scrape—this savage will butcher me. I must bluster a bit, and frighten him. Harkee, Mister What's-your-name?

Timothy. (Going up close to him.) Timothy Dandylion—what have you got to say to I, eh?

Smatter. No, no, no, merely that you are in error. You and your master—your master and you—in fact, I don't know precisely what I think.

Timothy. Indeed! now I'll tell you what I think. If you think to bully me, you've got the wrong pig by the tail. I knows you, Mr. Lunnion Pertickler Pugnacious—I'm awake to your Cheshire-cheesian soppery. I owes you a lieking, so I'll pay you. Here goes! (Striking him.)

Smatter. I shall be murdered. (Drawing sword.) Keep off, or I'll cut you down.

Timothy. I don't care for your cheese toaster—cut away.

(He runs in and catches Smatter round the neck, who drops the sword—a struggle—they hug and strike each other. TURTLE enters, R., and endeavours to part them—they get him between them, and both beat him, &c. Smatter runs off, L.)

Turtle. (As he enters.) Hollo—hollo! what's the matter? (After business.) What is the matter? what is the meaning of all this? explain, Timothy, explain!

Timothy. Why, I were giving a lesson in civility—I were whopping the Hornbull Mr. Levy's son's gentleman a bit. He comed here dressed up as a hossifer to call you hout—so I sarved him out, that's all, sir.

Turtle. So, so; Levison intends to call me out,

does he? Well, I suppose I must meet him. There, Timothy, is another half-crown for you. Be on the alert—you may be wanted again.

Lev. (Without, L.—as an old man.) Stop, stop—take care, take care—you'll be over.

Turtle. What's that? go, Timothy, and see.

[Exit Timothy, at gate, L.]

'Twas a hazardous scheme—yet if I have forced Levison to return to London, I feel convinced the affair will soon blow over.

Enter TIMOTHY, at gate, L.

Well, Timothy!

Timothy. Oh, sir, such a lark—I mean such a haccident. A postchaise upset, and an old gentleman has gotten his neck broke.

Turtle. Indeed! dreadful!

Timothy. Yes, sir; the postboy be bringing him here.

Turtle. Go, Timothy—go and assist him.

[Exit Timothy, L.]

(Looking off.) What a misfortune! he seems very much hurt.

TIMOTHY and POSTBOY enter, supporting LEVISON, disguised as an old man.

Get a chair, and call your mistress.

(Timothy goes into R. room, returns with a chair, in which he places Levison.)

Timothy. Poor old chap! he's done for—regularly booked!

[Exit into house, R.]

Turtle. How do you feel now, sir?

Lev. Very faint, very ill—oh, I'm a dead man—oh, broken all to pieces. Oh, that confounded postboy, oh—would gallop, oh! upsetchaise, oh! knew he would, oh! killed me, the rascal—oh, oh, oh! send for a doctoor—oh, oh!

Postboy. I'll go, sir!

[Exit, L.]

Enter MRS. TURTLE and TIMOTHY from house, R.

Mrs. T. (R. c.) What a distressing accident! let me assist him. Poor old gentleman—he seems very much hurt.

Lev. (c.) Oh, my back! oh, my—oh, oh, oh!

(Kicks about.)

Mrs. T. Have you sent for a surgeon?

Turtle. (c.) Yes, the postboy has gone for one.

Mrs. T. Poor fellow, what can we do for him? he is reviving—how are you, sir?

Lev. (Taking her hand) Better—much better. (Kissing her hand—she withdraws it.) I beg your pardon, madam—a paroxysm of pain. I beg pardon—the circumstances that caused my intrusion will, I trust, plead my excuse. May I ask to whom I am indebted for such kindness?

Mrs. T. My name is Turtle, sir.

Lev. (Aside.) Real turtle, I'll be sworn. (Aloud.) Turtle—Turtle! I think I have heard the name—you are married, are you not? your husband is a little old man.

Turtle. Eh? little old man!

Mrs. T. Oh no—he's tall, and about my own age.

Lev. I beg pardon, I mistake, then. Now I remember—I am wrong—the Mrs. Turtle I mean is very ngly—you are quite the reverse.

Turtle. Where do you feel most pain, sir?

Lev. All over me, sir—from head to foot—oh,

oh! (*Recalling him elj.*) Mr. Moek Turtle, I presume?

Turtle. Moek Turtle! no, sir, Turtle.

Lev. I beg pardon—I can never be sufficiently grateful to you, sir. Oh, oh!

Postboy. (*Enters, L.*) Here be doctor, sir.

[*Exit, L.*]

Enter SMATTER, L., *disguised as a doctor, in an eccentric coat and green spectacles—he advances, bows formally to Mr. and Mrs. Turtle, then to Timothy.*

Timothy. (*R.*) I wonder who this be! it beaun't Doctor Pill or Doctor Jones.

Turtle. Doctor, that gentleman has been overturned in a post-chaise, and appears to be very much hurt—will you have the kindness to see if anything serious has befallen him?

Smatter. Certainly, sir. (*Crossing to Levison, taking up his arm, and feeling it all over.*) Contusion of the foreheadical artery, close to the middle temple—the os fronto. (*Feeling his neck*), the os necko dislocated, and (*Feeling legs*)—ditto, ditto, both the osses legs O. (*Crosses to L. corner.*)

Turtle. (*Aside.*) Osses legs O! he's a farrier or a cow doctor.

Lev. I'm a dead man—oh!

Smatter. The gentleman mustn't be moved for sixteen weeks at least—exertion will be fatal to him.

Turtle. Indeed!—how unfortunate! Is he really so very bad?

Smatter. I assure you, sir, on the reputation of a respectable practioner, that his life is in danger—very great danger. If he's moved or shuk about I will not answer for him—look how he suffers!

Lev. Oh, oh!

(*Kicking about, displaces the handkerchief, which is round his neck—drops his hat and moves his wig—Mrs. Turtle sees his face.*)

Mrs. T. Ah, 'tis Mr. Levison! So, so, I'll foil him yet—Timothy!

[*She goes up with Timothy, appears to give him instructions, and sends him off, L.*]

Lev. (*Faintly.*) Doctor!

Smatter. Sir.

Lev. Do you think, doctor, there is any hope? Shall I ever recover?

Smatter. Hem—ah! why, that depends upon your treatment—if you are not shuk and are kept very quiet you will mend, but if you are removed, mortification will take place and you will die.

Lev. Oh, oh, dreadful! Mr. Turtle—Mrs. Turtle—madam—sir, you hear the doctor's opinion. Will you save my life by allowing me to remain your guest a short time? I am the last man in the world to intrude, but my wounds are dangerous. Will you take pity on me?

Turtle. Really, sir, I—

Mrs. T. (*Aside to him.*) Consent—consent, it's Mr. Levison—a trick!

Turtle. (*Astonished.*) Eh?

Mrs. T. Hush!

(*They retire a pace or two back and whisper.*)

Lev. (*Aside*) They are consulting! I shal' carry my point—they'll ask me to stay—they don't suspect—I, ha!

Turtle. (*Aside.*) I'll strangle him!

Mrs. T. (*Aside, R.*) No, no, consent—we'll punish him yet.

Lev. You don't answer, my good friend—don't stand upon ceremony with me, I beg.

Mrs. T. (*Aside.*) We don't intend.

Lev. Put me where you please.

Mrs. T. (*Aside.*) Into the horsepond.

Lev. Do with me whatever you think proper.

Mrs. T. (*Aside.*) Give you a good thrashing and toss you in a blanket.

Lev. Only allow me to stay in your house—am I to stay?

Turtle. Oh, certainly—make yourself at home.

Mrs. T. We'll take great care of you, we'll make you so comfortable. (*Going up to Turtle.*)

Lev. Thanks, thanks—a thousand thanks! (*Aside.*) It's all right, I'm settled—established in the house—ha, na, ha! How they'll be—how I shall laugh at them—ha, ha, ha! I'll give them another groan—Oh, oh! (*Aloud.*) I'm getting worse, the air is cold. Doctor, don't you think 'twould be as well if I could be taken into the house?

Smatter. Oh, certainly, certainly, by all means. Will you let the gentleman be taken in?

Turtle. Oh, yes, we'll take you in. Here, John!

Enter JOHN.

Assist me to carry this gentleman into the house.

(*They take up the chair, with Levison in it; as they are turning about to enter the house, TIMOTHY enters, L., disguised as a doctor, in a great coat, large hat, and spectacles.*)

Mrs. T. Oh, here's Doctor Jones—how fortunate!

Lev. (*C.*) Doctor Jones! the devil!

Smatter. (*R.*) Doctor Jones! we're pickled.

Timothy. (*L.*) How do we do—how do we do, eh? dear me—bless me—just in time—gentleman not dead—eh, eh, eh? Heard of the accident, so came up—eh, eh, eh? (*Looking at Smatter, who bows—he returns the salute grotesquely.*) Who's that—who's that—eh, eh, eh?

Lev. (*C., Aside.*) A real doctor—how unlucky!

Smatter. (*Aside.*) I shall be phlebotomised—he'll cut my throat!

Mrs. T. (*Aside to Turtle, laughing.*) They are quite alarmed—the doctor looks as if he were going to faint—ha, ha, ha!

Timothy. Very odd—very odd! Who is that queer guy—eh, eh, eh?

Turtle. A limb of your profession, doctor—we called him in to attend this unfortunate old gentleman.

Timothy. Indeed! I don't know him—a quack, I dare say—he doesn't look like a regular. You're from the next town, I suppose, sir?

Smatter. Yes, sir. (*Aside.*) What an escape!

Timothy. What's the matter with this old chap—I mean, old gentleman?

Mrs. T. The doctor has reported that the os armo wristo has a compound fracture, that there is a contusion on the foreheadical artery close to the middle temple, the os fronto that the os neck O is dislocated, and ditto, ditto, both the osses legs O.

Lev. Smatter's confounded learning will ruin me.

Timothy. Poor gentleman! if he has so many osses dislocated, he must be hopperedated upon immediately. It's lucky I've brought my tools with me—I'll go to work on him at once. (*Takes a bag from under his arm and throws down a large*

pruning-knife, a saw, garden shears, &c.) Doctor, we must cut off both his legs and hamperate his neck.

Lee. (Aside.) The devil! I'm in a pretty hobble!

Smatter (Alarmed—aside.) Poor master! he'll be cut into mincemeat!

Turtle. Keep up your spirits, sir, 'twill soon be over.

Mrs. T. Don't be alarmed—the doctor's very skilful, he won't hurt you much.

Lee. (Aside.) Hurt me much—unfeeling woman! What the devil shall I do?

Timothy. Hold him down in the chair—I'll whip 'em off in a moment. (Flourishing pruning-knife and saw.) Down with him.

(John, Mrs. Turtle, and Mr. Turtle take hold of Levison.)

Smatter. No, no, no! (Expostulating.)

Lee. Let me alone—let me go.

Turtle

Mrs. T. } Sit down—sit down! Be quiet—be
Timothy } quiet!

John

(Bustle—John, Mr. Turtle, Mrs. Turtle, and Timothy force Mr. Levison to sit down in a chair—Smatter, who endeavours to interfere, is knocked down by Timothy—After a violent struggle, Levison breaks away, starts up.)

Lee. Hold! hold! you are mistaken! I'm very much obliged to you, I'd rather be excused, I don't want to part with my legs—I'm not hurt.

(Throws off his disguise.)

Turtle } (Pre'ending a sudden recollection.) Mr. Levison!
Mrs. T. } son!

Lee. Even so. I confess my defeat, apologise for my rudeness, and take my leave—(crossing to L. c.)—hoping when next we meet you will have forgotten my impertinent frolic, and will do me the honour to introduce me to Mrs. Turtle as an old and sincere friend. (Leaving)

Turtle. Stay, Levison—Emily, I think we must forgive him—what say you?

Mrs. T. Why, if he's very penitent, and will promise never to annoy married people again, I think we must look over his peccadilloes, particularly as we have used rather violent remedies to effect a cure. You may put up your instruments, doctor, unless you wish to practise on the bones of your brother there. (Pointing to Smatter)

Timothy. No, ma'am, I've had enough of surgerying—I'll stick to gardening—(taking off his disguise.)—unless he wants a lesson in civility.

(Squaring)

Smatter. My paragon friend! No, no, really, upon my honour you are in error.

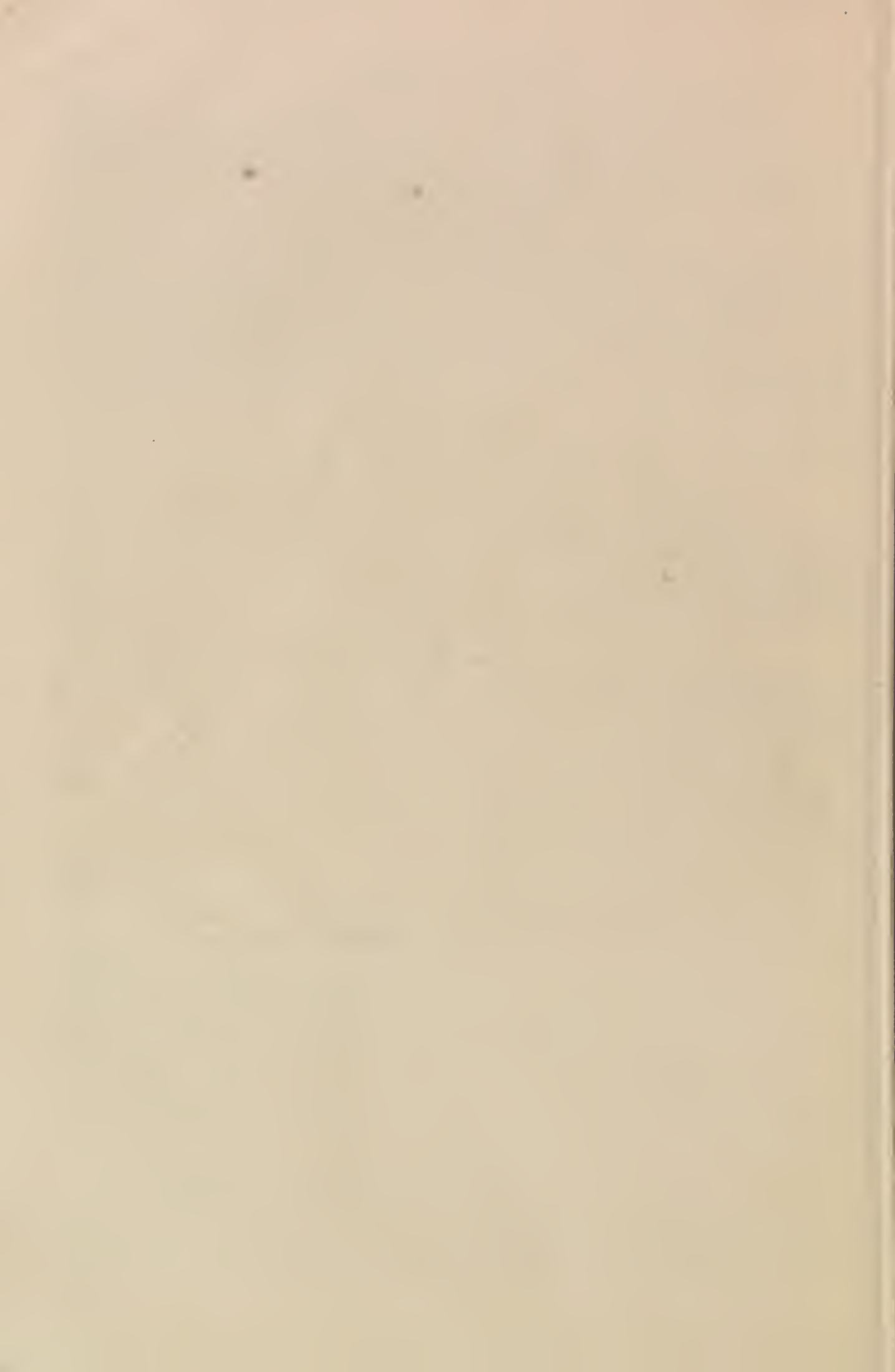
Mrs. T. Never mind, Timothy. Charles, shake hands with Mr. Levison, apologize for our rudeness, and invite him to visit us in London; his folly has caused as much amusement, 'twould be ungrateful, therefore, to cut his acquaintance. (To Audience.) And if you will condescend to place our faults and failings in the same kind light we will redouble our efforts to amuse and welcome you.

Disposition of the Characters at the Fall of the Curtain.

SMATTER. TURTLE. MRS. TURTLE. LEVISON. TIMOTHY.

T.

L.



CATCHING AN HEIRESS.

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT.

BY CHARLES SELBY.



Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 9.]

First performed at the Queen's Theatre, July, 15, 1835.

CAPTAIN POODLE (A cavalry officer, possessing the usual military accomplishments) Mr. T. Green.
CAPTAIN KILLINGLY (His friend and comrade—possessing the same qualifications) Mr. Selby.
MR. GAYTON (A respectable elderly gentleman—possessing a moderate fortune and a handsome daughter) ... Mr. Wyman.
TOM TWIGG (An ostler, a Whitechapel'er, "a wild young youth" who was not born yesterday—possessing an extensive knowledge of the *polite* sex and *fashionable* sciences) ... Mr. J. Reeve.
BAPON SOWERCROUTZENSauseNGEN (A Yarmouth minstrel—possessing the O—I—E—O—E in beautiful perfection) ... Mr. J. Reeve.

STUBBY (A rascals waiter, possessing a talent for invention) ... Mr. Collier.
CAROLINE GAYTON (A supposed heiress, daughter of the respectable elderly gentleman—a young lady possessing great powers of attraction) Mrs. Nisbett.
MR. FIP GAYTON (An Exquisite Exclusive, possessing every attribute to puppyism) Mrs. Nisbett.
SALLY GIGGLE (Miss Gayton's maid—a young person possessing many useful as well as ornamental qualities) ... Miss Murray.
JESSAMY (Mr. Fip Gayton's Tiger—a lad possessing a good stock of impudence, and various Tiger accomplishments) ... Miss Murray.

TIME IN REPRESENTATION.—One Hour.

COSTUME.

POODLE and KILLINGLY.—Blue military undress frocks, scale epaulettes, gold lace waist and ponch-belts, blue or red trousers, with broad gold lace down the sides, foraging caps with gold bands.

MR. GAYTON.—Modern pepper and salt or brown coat, nankeen breeches, short gaiters, natural gray wig.

TOM.—Drab groom's breeches, very large and turned round at the knees, white stockings, ankle boots, long canvas jacket, coloured neckcloth, fur cap. *Second dress*: Leather gaiters, striped waistcoat, green Jerry coat, white hat. *Third dress*: Very full white trousers, with a broad black stripe down the sides, thrust into a pair of Wellington boots (à la Paul Pry), blue striped shirt, Swiss braces, light blue or green tunic, trimmed with grey fur, black braid and tassels, hanging like a hussar's pelisse over the left shoulder, broad brimmed white hat, with a broad black band and red feather, very large red mustachios, broad black cloth belt, with a large piece of tin in the centre.

STUBBY.—Waiter's jacket, coloured trousers.

MISS GAYTON.—Fashionable pink muslin pelisse, white bonnet and veil. (*Second dress* to be worn under the first). Brown calico gown, with white spots, white apron, plain cap. *Mem.* To look like a housemaid—not a fine lady's maid. *Third dress*: Blue frock coat, with broad silk collar, turned very far off the shoulders to show a white waistcoat and black satin stock, lavender coloured trousers, with silk braid down the sides, boots and spurs, broad brimmed black hat, very large black whiskers and bushy hair.

SALLY GIGGLE.—Exactly the same as Miss Gayton's second dress. *Second dress*: The same as Miss Gayton's. *Third dress*: French coat and striped groom's waistcoat, top boots, leather breeches, or Wellington boots and dark trousers, with two narrow red cords down the sides, black hat, with gold band.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

. The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

CATCHING AN HEIRESS.

SCENE I.—A Room in an Hotel.

CAPTAIN POODLE, R. H., and CAPTAIN KILLINGLY, L. H., discovered lounging on Sofas, reading Newspapers.

Cap. P. Killingly! Is there anything in your paper—any news?

Cap. K. Not a word. Have you discovered any?

Cap. P. Not a syllable! How are we to make out until dinner?

Cap. K. 'Pon my life, I don't know.

Cap. P. I'll take a nap; should an idea strike you as to how we may fill up the intermediate space to feeding time, have the kindness to wake me.

Cap. K. I will, but reflect—perhaps you may catch an idea yourself.

Cap. P. My dear fellow, how can you think me capable of such a vulgar thing?

Cap. K. Egad. I believe you are right; a gentleman should never have ideas; in fact, so long as he possesses money, he has no occasion even for brains.

Cap. P. Most unquestionably, he can purchase everything. I wish some fellow would project a new recreation for officers in country quarters. Come, Killingly, try once more—endge! your brains, if you have any, and strike out something brilliant.

Cap. K. (Reflecting.) Let me see.

Cap. P. Knock again.

Cap. K. (Starting up.) I have it; let us call the waiter, and get him to put us up to something.

Cap. P. Capital! (Ringing R. H. bell.) Egad, Killingly, you are a devilish clever fellow; I never imagined you possessed so much sense. If the rascal does not start something we'll throw him out of the window. (Knock without.) Come in.

Tom Twigg. (Without.) You must 'seuse me, gemmen, I'm all in the rough—no time to get rubbed down. (Enters, R. H.) What's yer pleasure, gemmen—you ring'd, I s'pose?

Cap. P. Yes—who the deuce are you?

Tom. Tom Twigg, the hostler.

Cap. P. The ostler!—where's the waiter?

Tom. Gone of a harrand to Squire Brown's.

Cap. P. Squire Brown? who is he, when he's at home?

Tom. When he's at home, ha! ha! ha! whr he's the same as when he's out, to be sure, ha! ha! ha! 'Seuse my laughing, gemmen, it's a way I've got. Don't you know Squire Brown?—lor, what a fool you must be, surely—I thought everybody knowed he.

Cap. P. Then you thought wrong—I don't.

Tom. Shows your ignorance, then. Why, he be the greatest man in the county.

Cap. P. Indeed!

Tom. Yes, he be justice o' peace and cockolorum.

Cap. P. Cockolorum! ha, ha, ha! what's that?

Tom. Summat in the law line, I don't 'zackly know what, but they calls he so in these parts.

Cap. P. (Aside to Killingly.) I'll roast this fellow a bit. Well, Jack—

Tom. My name's Tom, sir.

Cap. P. Well, Tom, how does the world wag—any news afloat in these parts, eh?

Tom. None as I knows on, 'cept it are as oats is up, and beans is going down.

Cap. P. (Aside to Killingly.) Oats is up, and beans is going down, ha, ha, ha! (To Tom.) Beans is going down, eh?

Tom. Yes, sur—like any thing.

Cap. P. How is hay?

Tom. Why, it be much the same—straw be looking rather freshish, but there be a great deal too much chaff in the market. (Pointedly.)

Cap. P. (Exchanging looks with Killingly, aside.) Ho, ho! he's a knowing one. (To Tom.) Chaff?

Tom. Yes, sur; you sogers is fond on it, I think. (Pointedly.)

Cap. P. Why, Master Tom, it strikes me you know a thing or two.

Tom. (Laughing.) Yes, sur; I warn't born yesterday—I knows a sheep's head from a carrot, as the song says, I can give anybody change for sixpence.

Cap. P. What do you say now to drinking my health—there's a shilling.

Tom. A shilling! you arn't trying on the 'listig rig? (Laughs and winks knowingly.) It won't do, captain, I'm not to be cothched. I'm not a yokel, though may be I looks like one—I'm a White-chapel'er, and rather down.

(Winking and laughing.)

Cap. P. Pshaw! don't be a fool! I've no design upon you—I'm not recruiting.

Tom. (Taking the shilling.) Well, I 's'pose it's all right—I only mentioned the 'listig consarn 'cause I'm awake to your sojer tricks, and I were had once afore; besides—(laughing and winking significantly)—a shilling's such a 'spicious coin; if you'd a giv'd me half-a-crown I should a know'd at once you meant nothing but the right thing.

Cap. P. You are a deep one, Tom. There—(Giving half a crown.)—I see you know how to work the oracle.

Tom. Yes, sir—I should think so. I arn't been a hostler and postboy all my life without larning my letters.

Cap. P. So it appears. Do you think, now, you could put us in a way of amusing ourselves this morning? Can you point out a good method of killing time?

Tom. Killing time! Ha, ha, ha! you'll find that rather a tightish job, I'm thinking. Ha, ha, ha! mayhap he'll kill you. Ha, ha, ha! 'scuse my laughing, gemmen—it's a fullish way I've got when I says a good thing. Ha, ha, ha!

Cap. P. Is it? then I think you don't often have occasion to exercise your risible muscles. Bnt, to the point. Can you tell us how we can employ ourselves until dinner time?

Tom. Yes, sur—you arn't partickler what you does, I 'pose?

Cap. P. No—anything.

Tom. Are you fond o' hosses?

Cap. P. Very.

Tom. Then come along into the yard, and help me to rub down the four bays that's jst come in with the mail. They'll employ you and touch up your elbows a bit, I'll warrant.

(Imitating rubbing down a horse.)

Cap. K. (Aside to Poodle.) This fellow is langhing at us—send him away.

Cap. P. No, no; he's amusing, and must be encouraged. We are up to you, Master Tom, so no more nonsense—put us in the way of some fun.

Tom. Yes, sur—certainly, sur. Let me consider—ecod, I've nicked it! You sogers is good 'uns for a lark, so I'll plant you on a capital 'nu.

Cap. P. Proceed—unfold.

Tom. In the first place, are you good pluck'd 'uns? Can you fight?

Cap. P. Certainly, if necessary. but—

Tom. You'd rather not, I 'spose—very well, it's no olds. There's a Statty fair about half a mile from here—what do you say to going there in smock frocks, and having a lark with the gals? I can get you rigged out so as your mothers wouldn't know you.

Cap. P. What say you, Killingly, shall we astonish the natives?

Cap. K. With all my heart.

Cap. P. Very well, then, we'll go. But tell us, Tom—as I dare say you are fully initiated in the mysteries of these rural recreations—what sort of an affair it is.

Tom. Why a Statty fair, and a nation good 'un, I assure you. Lots o' fun! First place there's heaps o' shows. Then there's the swings and the roundabouts, and the cock-ups and the lucky bags, and the thimbles, and the booths, and the gingerbread nuts, and the fried sausers, and the beer, and the rum, and the gin, and the girls, and the dancin', and the fighting, and the screaming, and the kicking, and the roaring, and the devil knows what besides, all going on together at Statty fair.

(Crosses to L. H.)

Cap. P. Suppose, now, we should chance to get into a row, what would be the consequence?

Tom. Why, you'd have to show fight of course, and perhaps get your heads broke, but that ay'ut nothing, 'cause it's part o' the fun, if they knocks you down you must go in and smash 'em right and left.

(Imitating.)

Cap. P. Smash 'em right and left! pleasant upon my soul, I'll declare off. Ah!—(Looking off, R. H.)—Killingly! look—look! there's a woman—splendid creature, by Jove!

Cap. K. (Crossing to R. H.) So she is, fine figure and a good length; I didn't see her face, did you?

Cap. P. No; let us follow and find out who she is, 'twill be more in our way than getting smashed at the Statty Fair; come along or we shall lose her. There, Tom, is another half-crown, go and amuse yourself; let us know how many heads were broke, and how many got smashed. We have metal more attractive.

[Exeunt Poodle and Killingly, R. H.]

Tom. Now, I calls that 'nation ungrateful, they gammons me to put 'em up to a lark, makes me waste my time, and then cuts. It ar'n't respectful by no means, and I'll tell 'em so; I ar'n't a going to be made a fool on by nobody, I've got six shillings out on 'em though, so I'll put my hindignation into my pocket, go to the fair, get jolly, and play up old gooseberry.

SONG.—TOM.

The Country Fair.

Yes, I own 'tis my delight,
To see the laughter and the fright,
In such a motley merry sight,
As a Country Fair
Full of riot, fun, and noise,
Little girls, and ragged boys,
The very flow'r of rural joys,
Is fun beyond compare.

Some are playing single stick,
Boys in roundabouts so thick,
Maidens swinging till they're sick,
All at a Country Fair.
Wooden toys and lollipops,
Ribbons, lace, and shilling hops,
Peg, and whip, and humming tops,
At a Country Fair.

(Spoken.) Here we are! four-and-twenty of us—all going to the fair in a van—I say how much is four-and-twenty at sixpence a-pieec?—Let me see, three times four are twenty-seven—seven and five are forty-nine—sevens in nine are thirty-nine and five—upon my word, I can't tell, but I'll ask my friend Doleful. I say Doleful, how are you?—D—d uncomfortable; I don't mind telling you, but I don't want it to be generally known, but I've been sitting for the last three quarters of an hour on a box of knives and forks with the lid off.—I say Doleful, how much is four-and-twenty at sixpence apiece?—I don't know, they didn't teach arithmetic at the school I went to, but I'll ask my son Tommy—he's a wonderful boy—he found out perpetual motion, and when he found it out he couldn't set it going.—Tommy!—he's fast asleep; he brought his intellect out with him, and it's too much for him to carry.—Tommy, wake up, sir.—Yes, father.—Now answer me, directly. How much is four-and-twenty at sixpence apiece?—Two shillings and twopence halfpenny.—Mrs. Bumblepuppy, how do you do? I was never so surprised in the whole course of my life; only to think, my dear, of riding opposite all the while, and not to see you before! I was never so surprised. How are you? I am so delighted to see you. Are you quite well? Is Johnny quite well?—Mama's got over the whooping cough, and baby's cut his last tooth.—I've got a pain in my jaw. Oh, oh, oh!—Eh, I dare say your conversation is both amusing and instructive; but I simply said, how do you do?—Oh, oh, oh! I've got a pain in my jaw. Oh, oh, oh!—Bless me, got a pain in your jaw; and how's your husband? What, has he got a pain too? Dear me!—"Oh!

mother, there's the Fair. I want a whip—I want a horse.”—I say, missus, why don't you buy the boy a whip?—“Mind your own business, if you please, and don't interfere with a mother of a family when it don't concern you!”—Walk up—walk up, and see the great Anstralian Giant from Norfolk, nine feet high; he can stand with one leg in Wiltshire and the other in Lankashire; who will balance and support the whole of his preposterous body on the extreme end of a common clay tobacco-pipe—a halfpenny will admit you. Family tickets a penny. He has been growing ever since he was born, and he grows so fast that he can't keep up with himself. I repeat it without repetition, he is nine feet high.—Heigh! heigh! I say, Jack, ain't he a going it? How can he be nine feet high? Why the whole caravan ain't nine feet high.—Why of course he's nine feet high, the gemmon wouldn't say he was nine feet high if he wasn't, would he, spooney, thick-headed wampire!—I know what the young man means, he doesn't stand upright, he lies all along in a perpendicular position.—Oh, he lies, do he, well, he ain't the only one in the caravan as lies.—Walk inside ladies and gentlemen, and see the wonderful Miss Biffin, who was born without either hands, arms, or legs; she can dress and undress herself, stand upright, brush her own hair, and clean her own teeth. She writes and plays, and does it all with her own mouth, and is considered the ninth wonder of the world.—What's he arter now? Ain't he a going it? How can she clean her own teeth if she ain't got no hands to do it with?—Why of course she cleans her own teeth, the gentleman wouldn't say she could clean her own teeth if she couldn't, would he, spooney,—curly-headed crocodile?—Would you like to hear a song from an unfortunate creter with a large family and a small voice?—Sixteen children.—Stand back Cleopatra, Napoleon wipe your nose—I always call my children after hysterical personages.

(Sings.)

*Mid splendours and palaces;
Wherever you may roam,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home.*

(Repeats.)

Walk inside ladies and gentleman, and see Madame Tussard's wax-work exhibition—the figures are so like life, that those that have seen the originals pronounce them to be nothing at all like it. The first figure represents Othello, the Moor of Venice, who was hung for the murder of Cordelia, in Shakspeare's tragedy of Black-Eyed Susan. Any lady or gentleman is at liberty to take a knife, and bodily amputate the head from off the body; at the first stroke the eyes will move about in the most volatile and facetious manner; on cutting the head entirely off, it will be found to be no longer attached to the body; and on placing the head upon the trunk, the hands and arms will move about like the sails of a windmill, in grateful acknowledgment at so delightful a sensation.—Who is that tall thin gentleman next the door?—That is Daniel Lambert.—“Indeed, but I always understand Daniel Lambert, was a very stout man.”—So he was, ma'm; but if you had been kept here as long as he has without victuals, you'd be quite as thin.

*Yes, I own 'tis my delight,
To see the laughter and the fright,
In such a motley merry sight,
As at a Country Fair.*

*Those in fairs who take delight,
In shows and seeing every sight,
Dancing, singing, and a fight,
At a Country Fair:
Boys by mamma's treacle fed,
With cakes and spicy gingerbread,
On everybody's toes they tread,
All at a Country Fair.*

*Monkeys mounting camels' backs,
For prizes there men jump in sacks,
And others drinking quarts of max,
And think that that's your sort.
Corks are drawing, glasses jingle,
Trumpets, drums together mingle,
Till your heads completely tingle,
Which quite completes the sport.*

(Spoken.) Now stand off the steps, you ragged little rascals that's got no money, and let those little dears come up what is going to pay.—Now my little dears hold up your heads, blow your noses, and don't breathe upon the glasses. The first is a grand misrepresentation of a great fight which took place in the year one, in the good city of Warwick, between the celebrated Scotch lion Wallace, and the dogs—Now go on will you; I saw you peeping under the canvas—The English bull dogs and—Now why don't you go on; don't put your finger up to your nose to me.—Thank'ye sir.—On the right hand side of the left corner, see the proprietor of the lion encouraging of him while he is a whisking out the eye of the dog with his magnanimous tail.—“I beg your pardon, Mr. Showman, but which is the lions, and which is the dogs. I can't tell by the picture, they are all of one colour.”—Can't exactly say, my dear, they sent both to the Jew-logical Society in London, but none of them could agree, for each is so like which, you can't tell neither from both.

For I own it's my delight, &c.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Drawing-room—(2nd Grooves),
with C. D.

Enter CAROLINE GAYTON, L. H.

Car. Thank Heaven I am safe at home, and have fairly distanced my tormentors! Ha, ha, ha! I can imagine their disappointment. Though I have escaped them for the present, yet I fear they will trace me out and find means to introduce themselves. How provoking my father should be from home. Let me consider—if they do come, suppose I assume some disguise; they have not seen my face, I could easily deceive them. I've a great mind to try; I'll make myself appear old and ugly, and frighten them away. I'll consult my maid—she shall assist me.

(Rings bell.)

Enter SALLY GIGGLE, R. H.

Sal. Do you want me, miss?

Car. Yes, Sally; I've been dreadfully annoyed by two officers.

Sal. La, miss, you don't say so—he, he, he! I thought officers could never be annoying—he, he, he! they are generally more t'other—he, he, he!—at least, I have always found 'em so.

Car. In this instance, however, Sally, they have been anything but agreeable; I expect a visit from them presently, and wish to consult you how I can best make them dislike me.

Sal. La, miss, I never heard of such a thing;

make the men dislike you—oh, dear! All the young ladies I have lived with tried to do quite t'other thing; you are strange, indeed!

Car. Well, can you think of some disguise for me? Shall I be foolish, deaf, dumb, blind, or what?

Sal. La, miss, you must be joking; you can't be what you ay'n't, you'd be sure to be found out, and then there'd be a pretty kettle of fish.

Car. At all events, I am determined to try. Let me see; we'll change dresses—yes, I will represent you, and you shall represent me.

Sal. La, miss, you don't say so—he, he, he!

Car. 'Twill afford me a glorious opportunity of perplexing my tormentors, and at the same time be a source of great amusement. Come with me into my room; while we are dressing I'll tell you what to say and how to behave; 'twill be a delightful frolic, but you must be careful not to betray me by neglecting my instructions.

Sal. Oh, you needn't be afraid of me, miss, I know how to play the lady; it won't be the first time I have worn your clothes, and—

Car. What!

Sal. Your left-off clothes, I mean, miss. I know I've a very genteel air, and I am certain I was intended for a lady, but somehow got spoilt in the bringing up. I'll be very genteel, you may be sure, miss; I won't do nothing unproper, I know how to comport myself.

Car. Well, we shall see; follow me to my room, and prepare me to receive the enemy.

[Exit, R. H.]

Sal. Yes, miss, and if I don't set my cap at one of the officers in real good earnest, I hope I may be a maidservant all my life.

[Exit, L. H.]

Tom. (Without—drunk—singing.)

I went to the fair with a heart light and merry,
Singing hey down, ho down, derry down dee.

Enter TOM TWIGG, C. D.

Oh, what a lark I've had, surely! nothing like a Stuffy fair for fun. (Singing—"It's all round my hat,"—Dancing.) I've had enough for my six shillings, anyhow. Let me see—I've seed all the shows, chuck'd at all the cock-nps, won lots of boxes and things—(Takes out a handful of oranges, tobacco-boxes, rattles, penny trumpets, &c.)—eat a pound o' sausingers, danced with the gals, drunked two gallons o' ale, thrash'd I don't know how many ebaps, and am come to see my sweetheart in a state of propriety and soberiety. (Singing.)

Of all the gals in our town,

There's none like pretty Sally;

Oh, she's the darling of my heart,

And she lives in our alley.

No, she don't, for she lives here. Oh, she's a right earnest good 'un, steps out we'll, and shows a deal o' blood—just the gal for me, 'cause I'm an out and out thorough bred 'un.

(Sings—blows trumpet)

She's modest as ony, she's blithe as she's bonny,

My charming young Sally, the flower of the plain.

I shall never forget the day when first I seed her. Let me see, when was it? Oh, last Saturday—no, it were last Monday—no, it were Wednesday—no, damme if I recollect, but I knows I was cleaning the kicking piebald mare. She struck me all of a heap, and knock'd me backwards; whether it was

the mare or Sally, I doesn't know to this day, but down I went, slap bang. (Sings.)

I sighs for pretty Sally, the pride of Kildare.

She's a beautiful creature, and I've lost my heart. I'll tell her my sentiments, and ax her to marry me. I've got up here somehow or other, without saying nothing to nobody, and I'm determined I'll tell her how I'm situated; I'll not stand shilly shally, but come to the point at once. Ah! there she is, now for it; I'll stand for no repairs, and mention the business at once.

Enter CAROLINE, R. H., dressed in Sally's clothes.

Car. Now, I'm equipped, and ready for the attack.

Tom. (Roughly embracing her.) Sally, my darling, how do you do?

Car. (Screaming.) Stand off! who are you? Release me! (Pushing him away.)

Tom. Now, Sally, my dear, don't. (Seeing Caroline, gives a long whistle.) I'm dashed if it are she—it are and it ay'n't. I axes pardon, I took you for your fellow servant, Sally Giggie—you must know I'm her sweetheart, and I've made so bold as to call to see her. You have got on her dress—I meant no offence. You're a 'nation pretty gal, too, Betty, though not half so handsome as Sally, but that ay'n't nothing; and I ay'n't at all pertiklar. So as Sally ay'n't here, and you is, why, you see, Betty, I— (Staggering up to her.)

Car. Keep your distance.—(Aside.)—A charming acquaintance I've made here. Leave the room, sir, or I'll have you turned out.

Tom. Now don't be so hard-hearted, Betty, have a little compassion for a young youth who is over his high lows in love. Don't be cutting.—(Singing.)—"I'm a wild young youth." Oh, Sally Giggie—Sally Giggie—Sally Giggie, my heart you does in-wiggle.

Enter SALLY, R. H.

Sal. Here I am, miss, I hav'n't been long. Ah! if it isn't Tom the ostler, from next door! Oh, the wretch! he's come after me.

Car. There's my mistress! Go away—go away!

Tom. To be certainly—beg pardon, miss—(To Sally.)—I'm very sorry, I—eh! dash my buttons, if it ay'n't Sally got on her missis's dress! I'm down—she's going to the fair to have a lark on the sly. So, Missus Sally, you are playing the old game, eh?—wearing your missis's clothes, eh? I knows: if you and your fellow servant wants a slap up chap to take you to the fair, I'm your man. I'm a rum 'un—ayn't I, Betty?

(To Caroline.)

Sal. Hush! be quiet, Tom; she's isn't accustomed to such rude brutes as you. How dare you come up here without permission?

Tom. Why, I wanted to talk to you about—(Sighing.)—Oh, Sally! my heart's like a tinder-box; your eyes is always a striking a light in it and a smithering it away! Say a good word for me, Betty, you knows what it is to love, I dare say, and how uncomfortable the feel is. Come, now, I knows you can understand my sentiments, you looks like a frisky one.

Car. (Aside.) Flattering distinction.

Sal. Now go away, Tom; you are very tipsy, and if missis should see you, 'twould be as much as my place is worth. Now, go! (Pushing him.)

Tom. What! turn me out in this unkind way?

Sal. Go along. (*Pushing him.*)

Tom. Won't you listen to my hardent vows?

Sal. No—go along. (*Pushing him.*)

Tom. Won't you come out on Sunday?

Sal. Go along. (*Pushing him.*)

Tom. Won't you take pity on an unfort'nate hostler wot's dying for you?

Sal. No—go along. (*Pushing him.*)

Tom. Then you are not what I took you for. Good bye, Betty, you've a tender heart, and can feel for a feller erectur—you are a good little chap, I'm sure on't; but she's a *hicicle*—her heart is as hard as a paving stone. Good bye, Sally, if you don't marry me I'll list for a sojer—I'll take to drinking—I'll go mad.—[*Exit, c. d., and returns immediately.*]—Won't you marry me?

Sal. Go along, you fool.

Tom. Oh, you hard-hearted delnding wagabond!

[*Exit in a paroxysm of grief, c. d.*]

Car. Upon my word, Sally, I was not aware you had done such execution here; how long have you been acquainted with that elegant and accomplished youth?

Sal. About a week, miss. He's nothing to me, I never gave him encouragement, though he teazes my life out, and follows me wherever I go, just as if a young person of my rank could ever think of demeaning myself by marrying a common hostler!

Car. Well, pretend to encourage him for a little while; should occasion require, he may assist in punishing my tormentors.—(*Knock.*)—Hark! perhaps 'tis they—go and see.

Sal. Yes, miss.

[*Exit, c.*]

Car. I scarcely know what to say or how to behave to them; at all events, I must remember to act up to my assumed character.

Enter SALLY.

Sal. One of your officers, miss—he's coming upstairs.

Car. Very well; retire into my room and wait till I come for you.

Sal. Yes, miss.—(*Going.*)—I'll see them both before I make my choice; one of them I'm determined to marry.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

Car. Here comes the enemy—now for the attack.

[*Retires, L. H.*]

Enter POODLE, c.

Cap. P. Very odd there should be no one to announce me. Ah! that's her maid, I suppose. Hem! I beg pardon—

Car. Sir!

Cap. P. A friend of Miss—

Car. No, sir, I'm her maid. (*Curtseying.*)

Cap. P. Is it possible? then she ought to be very proud. 'Pon my life, you are the most beautiful, elegant creature I ever beheld! (*Aside.*) You are a perfect divinity!

Car. Oh, sir! (*Pretending confusion.*) You military gentlemen are so fond of saying things you do not mean.—I don't deserve such compliments.

Cap. P. But you do, my dear.

Car. Oh, sir!

Cap. P. Your face—

Car. Oh, sir!

Cap. P. Then the bewitching smile which plays around that rose-bud mouth!

Car. Oh, sir!

Cap. P. The—the—the *je ne sais quoi*!

Car. Oh, sir!

Cap. P. You know what I mean, my dear. The ensemble, the *multum in parvo*, the concentrated loveliness, dreamt of by poets and painters, is realized in your person. (*Aside.*) There's rhapsody fit for a duchess!

Car. Oh, sir!—(*sighing*)—where did you learn that prettily-worded speech?—is it out of a novel or a play?

Cap. P. Where did I learn?—oh, eruel!—what's your name?

Car. Sally Giggle, sir. (*Curtseying.*)

Cap. P. Sally Giggle!—(*aside*)—how very unpoetical! Oh, eruel Sarah!

Car. Sally, sir. (*Curtseying.*)

Cap. P. Well, it's all the same. Cruel Sally—eruel Giggle—damn it, you've put me out!—what was I going to say?

Car. Lor, sir! how should I know? Some audacious nonsense, I'll be bound.

Cap. P. You dislike audacious nonsense, I presume.

Car. You are right, I've heard so much of it. All the gentlemen who come here suitoring to my mistress make me a sort of preparatory school, where they may learn their lessons by trying the effect of the compliments they intend to pay to her. Lor bless you! I've no end of fine things said to me; some call me Venus, and Cupid, and Pikey.

Cap. P. (*Laughing—aside.*) Pikey? (*Aloud.*) Pikey?

Car. Yes, Pikey—Phiskey if you like—and compare my eyes to stars and flashes of lightning, and all sorts of fine things (just as you did) flourished up with hard words out of the dictionary. Where did you steal *multum in parvo* and *concentrated loveliness*?—ha, ha, ha! Lor bless you! it's no use trying to come over me with such nonsense; I'm not to be deceived by blarney, as the Irishman says.

Cap. P. (*Aside.*) So it appears. (*Aloud.*) As you are an enemy, I find, to hard words, do you think there is any better sense in this?

(*Gives money.*)

Car. A sovereign! Oh, sir! (*Curtseying—aside.*) He wants to bribe me, I'll make him pay dearer than he expects.

Cap. P. Well, what do you think of it?

Car. (*Holding the sovereign in the palm of her hand.*) Why, it's very well, but I have seen some I liked better. A double sovereign is worth two of it, but, in my opinion, a ten pound note is a great deal more sensible than either.

Cap. P. (*Aside.*) She's no fool, I find; I perceive she'll make me pay. Keep the sovereign as an earnest of my future liberality. Now let us understand each other. I wish to see your mistress.

Car. Yes, sir.

Cap. P. In fact—for I perceive it is of no use to be round about with you—I want to marry her.

Car. I guessed as much, or you wouldn't have given me a sovereign.

Cap. P. She's an heiress—is she not?

Car. Yes, sir. (*Aside.*) Somebody has been making a fool of him.

Cap. P. Very rich—eh?

Car. (*Mysteriously.*) Very!

Cap. P. How much?

Car. (*Mysteriously.*) I can't tell!

Cap. P. Indeed! Estates?

Car. (*Ambiguously.*) Estates!

Cap. P. Houses?

Car. (*Ambiguously.*) Oh!

Cap. P. Much in the funds?

Car. Funds! Oh!

Cap. P. Ten thousand?

Car. Ten thousand! Oh!

Cap. P. More?

Car. (*Nodding her head.*) Ah!

Cap. P. Indeed! Twenty thousands?—No?

Car. No! Ah!

Cap. P. Nonsense, you don't say so?

Car. (*Aside.*) I don't indeed.

Cap. P. Tol'de riddle lol! If you'll introduce me immediately, and assist me to carry her off, I'll settle a hundred a year upon you for life.

Car. Will you? then I'll do my best; but, mind, no cheating, black and white according to law.

Cap. P. Oh, yes—yes, rely upon my honour. Now introduce me.

Car. Yes, sir, come along. (*Going.*) You have heard of her little misfortunes, of course.

Cap. P. Not a word. What little misfortunes do you mean?

Car. Lor, sir! is it possible you don't know?

Cap. P. Know what?

Car. Oh, dear, and you want to marry her.

Cap. P. What do you mean?

Car. (*Laughs violently.*) What a fool you must be! (*Laughs.*) I couldn't have believed it:

(*Laughs.*)

Cap. P. What is the matter?—what are you laughing at?—what is the meaning of this mystery?—what is the matter with your mistress?

Car. Poor young lady, she's silly.

Cap. P. Silly?

Car. Yes;—soft, foolish.

Cap. P. Well, never mind; she has twenty thousand pounds.

Car. Yes, sir; but being silly is not her only misfortune.

Cap. P. Indeed!

Car. She has a false nose.

Cap. P. A false nose!

Car. Made of pasteboard and wax.

Cap. P. Horrible! but, never mind, she has twenty thousand pounds.

Car. Yes, sir; but you haven't heard the worst.

Cap. P. What, more misfortunes?

Car. Oh, yes, sir; she has but one eye.

Cap. P. Eh!

Car. Yes, sir, she conceals the defect by wearing a glass one.

Cap. P. Never mind, she has twenty thousand pounds.

Car. Yes, sir; but then she wears a wig, and has a double row of false teeth.

Cap. P. Dreadful!

Car. (*Aside.*) I've frightened him. I perceive, sir, you have no wish to see my mistress. Allow me to show you down-stairs.

Cap. P. No, Sally; I'll have a look at her, at all events.

Car. (*Aside.*) Provoking! I thought he would have gone. (*Aloud.*) Well, sir, you shall see her—(*crossing to R. H.*)—but I know you will repent your curiosity; for, although she looks very well at a distance, she's a frightful object when you come to inspect her closely.

Cap. P. Never mind, let me see her. Oh, Sally, I wish you were an heiress!

Car. Lor, sir! why?

Cap. P. Because you have a *real* nose, *real* teeth, *real* eyes, and *real* hair, in beautiful perfection.

Car. Oh, sir! (*Aside.*) I'm afraid I shall take a fancy to this wretch and fall in love with him, although he is a fortune hunter. I'll go for my mistress, sir. (*Aside.*) He is really a fine fellow—I'm afraid I'm caught.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

Cap. P. False teeth, glass eye, false nose, a wig, and foolish into the bargain! Charming creature! what a desirable companion on a sunny day in the park particularly if it should be *melting* weather. No wonder she should not show her face; I am determined to satisfy my curiosity by having a good look at her borrowed charms. (*Knock.*)

Cap. K. (*Without.*) Take my card to your mistress, I'll step up-stairs.

Cap. P. Ah! there's Killingly, he too has found her out, and has come to try his luck. I won't tell him a word about her little imperfections, but leave him to discover them himself.

[*Retires.*]

Enter KILLINGLY, C. D.

Cap. K. (*R. H.*) So I'm first in the field. Poor Poodle! how nicely I've cut him out.

Cap. P. (*Slapping him on the back.*) Have you, indeed! Ha, ha, ha! you see I'm before you—I've cut you out. Ha, ha, ha!

Cap. K. Why, where in the dence did you come from?

Cap. P. Ha, ha, ha! I have been here half an hour.

Cap. K. Have you seen her?

Cap. P. No, but I've made friends with her maid, and secured her interest; you have, therefore, no chance, and had better retire.

Cap. K. Oh, no, I am not so easily got rid of, I assure you. I have as much right to hope to win her as you have, and am determined to try my utmost. Understand—you employ what means or stratagems you please, I will do the same; let us trust to *la fortune de la Guerre*, and when the matter is decided, we will shake hands, laugh at our mutual deceptions, and be as good friends as ever. Is it a bargain?

(*Holding out his hand.*)

Cap. P. Yes.—(*Shaking hands.*)—Now, then, do your best! I'll back myself for a hundred.

Cap. K. I'll take you. Done—you've no chance.

Cap. P. Hark! I hear footsteps, and the rustling of silk. The charming heiress is coming!

Enter CAROLINE and SALLY, disguised, R. H.

Cap. K. Splendid creature, by Jove!

Cap. P. (*L. H.*)—*Aside.*) Devilishly well made up. Who would suppose now that—(*Touching his nose.*)—a false nose—wonderful perfection of art!

Car. The gentleman, miss.

Sal. Ah, how do you do?—(*Crossing to C.*)—*Laughing sillily, and hiding her face with her fingers.*)—Oh, what beautiful men you are—quite dandies, I declare.

Cap. P. (*Aside.*) How ingeniously she contrives to hide her nose.

Cap. K. (*Aside.*) She's rather of the simpleton order, I think.

Sal. Well, gentlemen, why don't you talk; say something pretty, can't you?

Cap. K. (*Aside.*) Something pretty, how very odd. (*Aloud.*) Really, madam, I am at a loss to

—(Aside—Pushing Poodle across.)—Speak to her, Poodle, you can say prettier things than I can.

Cap. P. (Crossing to c.) My pretty friend—I mean my friend is at a loss for words to express how much he is struck with your beauty—hem!

(Stifling a laugh—crossing to L. H.)

Sal. He's very polite.

(Goes up with Killingly.)

Cap. P. (Aside to Caroline.) I think I saw her nose move.

Car. Very likely—did you remark her eye?

Cap. P. No—which is it?

Car. The left. Speak to her, she won't bite you.

Cap. P. No, for a very good reason—she can't.

Car. Try some of your compliments, or your friend will cut you out—look how he is ogling her. Have you told him about the nose and things?

Cap. P. No.

Car. Then let him find them out himself—ha, ha, ha! how astonished he'll be, by-and-bye. Make her a passionate speech—say what you said to me—don't be bashful, she's a fine girl, in spite of her teeth!

Cap. P. Hem! madam, my friend, no doubt, has already apologized for his own and my rudeness at the bathing-room, and I trust you have accorded your pardon. Permit me, however, on my own part to add that I was induced to—

Sal. (Simpering.) Yes, sir.

Cap. P. Induced to forget my good breeding—

Sal. (Simpering.) Yes, sir.

Cap. P. (Aside.) I wish she wouldn't interrupt me. By the peculiar—

Sal. Yes, sir; the peculiar what?

Cap. P. The peculiar fascination, the peculiar attraction, the peculiar charm, the peculiar grace, the peculiar—

Car. (Aside, interrupting him, R. H.) Peculiar fool!—come to the point; tell her she's an angel—talk about hearts and darts—bring in *multum in parvo* and concentrated loveliness.

Sal. Well, sir; I am all attention—what were you going to say?

Cap. P. 'Pon my life I hardly know—oh, I was about to remark that I was so much struck with your graceful air and figure, that I could not refrain from endeavouring to steal a glance at your face, which I was certain would be equally charming. (Bowing.—Aside to Caroline.) Will that do?

Car. (Aside.) Pretty well; say something stronger next. Compare her to Venus, or Cupid, and Pikey.

Cap. P. (Aside.) I will. (Aloud.) Need I say, seeing your face, how I am enchanted? It has stamped an indelible impression on my heart, and fired me with admiration—(Aside to Caroline)—respect, and love—(Bowing)—and wonder!

(Aside to Caroline.)

Car. (Aside.) Capital! Now bring in Pikey.

Cap. K. (Aside.) Poodle's walking over the course, it's my turn to put in a word. (Aloud.) What my friend has said, madam, is, no doubt, most true, but the impression you have stamped upon his heart is trifling compared to that you have engraved on mine. The first glance of those bewitching eyes—

Cap. P. (Bursting into a loud laugh.—Aside.) Eyes! Ha, ha, ha!

Car. (Aside to Poodle.) The less he says about them the better. Ha, ha, ha!

Sal. (Simpering.) You make me blush, sir.

Cap. K. (Aside.) That's a good sign. Twin orbs of beauty—(Caroline and Poodle laugh, aside)—darting soft rays, like crystal mirrors reflecting the bright sun!

Cap. P. (Laughing, aside.) Crystal mirrors! Ha, ha, ha! Cut glass!

Car. (Aside to Poodle.) Let him go on, he'll pick out all her beauties presently.

Sal. (Simpering.) You flatter me, sir.

Cap. K. Far from it. You have a charm in every feature—(Caroline and Poodle laugh, aside)—a grace in every motion! (Caroline and Poodle laugh.) Your exquisitely chiselled Grecian nose—

Cap. P. (Laughing violently, aside.) Grecian nose! Ha, ha, ha!

Car. (Aside to Poodle.) Wax and pasteboard! Ha, ha, ha!

Cap. K. Rosy lips and pearly teeth—

Car. (Aside to Poodle.) Elephant's tusks! Ha, ha, ha!

Cap. K. Nature will strive in vain to equal, or art to imitate! (Aside.) I'll defy Poodle to come up to that.

Sal. La, sir, you overpower me! I didn't know I was so handsome. He, he, he!

(Laughing foolishly.)

Car. (Aside to Poodle.) He's getting the better of you—make him go away. Tell missis she's like Pikey, and the day's your own.

Cap. P. I will. My friend, madam, I confess has been very eloquent in praise of your charms, but I am inclined to think his compliments are like himself—showy, but shallow.

Cap. K. (In a violent rage.) Captain Poodle! Sir, your conduct is not only unfriendly, but unworthy a brother officer and a gentleman, and were it not for the presence of a lady, I would chastise your impertinence.

Cap. P. (Warmly.) Come, come, Killingly, you are carrying the joke too far; you'll make me angry. Retract the word.

Cap. K. I will not, sir; I am not joking, I am in earnest. Your conduct is not that of a gentleman.

Cap. P. Then I know my course, follow me

(Going, Caroline stops him.)

Car. (Aside.) I did not bargain for this; nay, Captain, don't be so hasty, your friend is not in earnest, though he says so—don't be foolish. (Turns round in front of him—aside to Sally.) Hold the other or there'll be murder!

Sal. (Holding Killingly.) Don't be in a passion, there's a dear man, it's only fun.

Cap. P. Will you retract that word, and resign all pretensions to the lady.

Cap. K. No, sir, never while I have life! you are a self-sufficient puppy to ask it!

Sal. Oh, don't call names.

Cap. P. (In a rage.) Puppy!

Car. Be quiet, I entreat.

Cap. P. Let go my arm—I'll annihilate the rascal!

(Struggling.)

Cap. K. Rascal! let me go, I'll murder the villain!

(Struggling.)

Car. Help, help, help! for shame, gentlemen, for shame! Help! help!

Sal. Help, help!—murder, help!

Enter MR. GAYTON, C. D.

Gay. Heyday! what is the meaning of all this? what are you about?

Car. My father! I'm ruined!

Sal. Master! I'm dead and buried! *[Runs off, L. H.]*

Gay. Well, gentlemen, will you be kind enough to explain? to what am I to attribute the honour of finding you in my house?

Cap. P. & K. Your house?

Gay. Yes, gentlemen, my house—my name is Gayton. Explain your conduct.—How came you here, and what have you done to cause my daughter and her maid to call for help?

Cap. K. Your daughter, sir! I—the fact is, that I—she—you may imagine under the peculiar circumstances, that—that my friend will explain. *[Exit, C. D.]*

Gay. Will he, indeed? Now, sir, what have you to say?

Cap. P. *(Swaggering.)* Why, sir, in the first place, I wish you distinctly to observe that, although appearances may cause you to think—I mean, lead you to infer that—I—you—my—friend—I mean—he—you and I—are—in short, to be explicit, I beg leave to say, good morning, sir. *[Exit, C. D.]*

Gay. Well, of all the impudent rascals I ever encountered, these are the greatest. They create a disturbance in my house, frighten my daughter and her maid, and then make their retreat without a word of explanation or apology. I must see Caroline and inquire into this business, we shall be robbed and murdered next, I suppose, in the same free and easy manner. *(Imitating.)* "My friend will explain; in short, to be explicit, I beg leave to say, good morning, sir." Unparalleled audacity!

[Exit.]

Enter CAROLINE GAYTON, R. H. and SALLY, L. H. in their own dresses.

Sal. Oh, lank-a-daisy me, miss, I declare I'm frightened out of my wits! what a dreadful scrimmage. I expected every minute they would have broke loose and thumped each other. I hope my master didn't find us out.

Car. I think not; we made our escape too suddenly for him to observe we had changed characters. Where is your sweetheart?

Sal. What, the dear *eatinguishing* officer?

Car. No, the person who was here a little time ago—the stable-man, the groom.

Sal. Oh, you mean Tom Twigg, the ostler. I'd quite forgot him; he's at the inn next door, I suppose.

Car. Go there, and say I wish to see him immediately.

Sal. Yes, miss; you want him to look after the officers, I suppose?

Car. Ask no questions, but do as I ordered you.

Sal. Yes, miss. *(Going—Aside.)* Lank-a-daisy me, what freaks she does get into her head! I declare it's quite improper and unrespectable to go on so.

[Exit, L. H.]

Car. I feel an unaccountable desire to continue my frolic. I've a great mind to resume my disguise. Invention, assist me! Ah! I'll dress myself *en cavalier*, pretend to be a brother of the hussies, demand satisfaction for his conduct to my sister, make him renounce all thoughts of obtaining her supposed fortune, and if my good opinion of his worth increases upon better acquaintance,

he shall have an opportunity of seeing me as my real self. Sally's sweetheart, disguised as a military officer, shall accompany me, and assist in bullying and tormenting both my admirers. Ha, ha, ha! 'twill be capital fun.

Enter SALLY, L. H.

Sal. I've brought Tom, miss; may he come in?

Car. Yes.

Sal. Come in, Tom.

Enter TOM TWIGG, L. H.

Tom. Well, I 'spose it's a'll right, you've thought on what I said to you, and means to do the right thing; I knew you were nothing but a good 'un. Ah, Betty! how are you? what, you've got your missis's clothes on now, have you, eh?

Sal. *(Aside.)* Hush! Tom, it's missis herself. We changed clothes just now for a frolic. Don't stare with your mouth open, like a great fool; speak to her.

Tom. *(Crossing to Caroline.)* What, are you really the missus, and no gammon, in right reg'lar earnest, eh?

Car. Positively and truly.

Tom. *(Aside.)* Whengh! then I've nicely put my foot in it. Beg pardon, miss; you'll 'sense my taking you for Sally, and trowselling you a bit; I was a little conglomerated, you know, miss, and that fully accounts for the same. *(Aside.)* If I'd ha' knowed it, wouldn't I have kissed her, my eyes!

(Crosses to L. H.)

Car. Now, listen; it is in your power to oblige me.

Tom. Oblige you, miss! *(Crossing to Caroline.)* What wouldn't I do, if you axed it? To oblige you I'd do a moral impossibility—I'd keep sober for a fortnight.

Car. Nay, I do not require so great a sacrifice, such extreme devotion; I merely wish you to put on a uniform coat, and sustain the character of a military officer for a short time.

Tom. I can't do it, miss, it's impossible. I ain't a gentleman, and military officers is. I should disgrace the cloth.

Car. Pshaw! you are too scrupulous; but as you have so much respect for the cloth, I must needs do without you, unless you could propose some other character you could sustain without scruple.

Tom. Why, let me see; I knows—there's a queer outlandish coat and hat a'longing to one of the German minstrels as sings at the library, and lodges at our house. 'Spose I slips them on, and 'stablishes a thumping pair of whiskers and mustachers—I could hact a minstrel prime. *(Imitating.)* "On the margin of Zurich's fair waters," "How fat you get," &c.

Car. Capital—nothing can be better. You shall be a German baron. Can you speak the language?

Tom. What, the German? Devil a word, 'cept yah! yah! dat is goote—der devil—ich haben schnaps—mine lieber friend—I larned them from a fellow-sarvent when I was a fatman, but I can come the—*(imitating the minstrel etc.)*—like a good 'un.

Car. That will do. Now equip yourself immediately, and join me at the inn. You must swagger and bluster—offer to fight, and try to frighten the officers. Keep close to me, and I will give you your due as circumstances direct. Perform your part well, and I'll give you five pounds.

Tom. Five pounds!

Car. We'll brave all dangers, scorn all fears; and

if the fellows are uncivil, we'll call them out and play the devil.

[*Exeunt Caroline and Sally, R. H.*]

Tom. Five pounds! there ayn't no such sum! I'd do anything for half the money. Won't I come out in the musicianer? (*Imitating.*) Five pounds! my eyes, how they does pay for foreign talent! If I gets five pounds for haecting a Garman, what should I get if I were a real 'un?—a hundred pound a night, at least, and two or three hundred a day besides for singing at ladies and gentlemen's free and easies. I'll rub up the songs I larut when I was a futman, and come out at the Hopera or Bentalh Spawr as a slap-up Garman musicianer or a Hungry singer.

SONG.—TOM.

AIR.—“All round my Hat.”

In my white hat I'll wear a red feather,
And on my chin I'll stick a lot o' 'air,
And if the people arks me the reason why I does so,
I'll give 'em half a hauser with a hair.
With a hair, &c.

AIR.—“Mine love is Der Ryder.”

Bill Smith is a post boy—he gallops through the
night,
His waistcoat's so gay, and his boots is so bright.
Tot de rol lol lol lol, &c.

AIR.—“Swiss Boy.”

Steal a mouse, steal a mouse, my Switzer Jew,
For the cat and the kittens are a way.
The belis are ring in bygone dull care,
The dicky birds are singing (*like fun*) in the hair.
Steal a mouse, &c.

AIR.—“Merrily, Oh!”

Then from mountain and from valley,
Tiddle de ho ho—tiddle de ho!
All the cow boys round me rally,
Tiddle de ho ho—tiddle de ho!
With ginger beer,
Our hearts we cheer,
Wiin loilypops,
We treat our chops,
Tiddle de ho ho—tiddle de ho!

AIR.—“On the Margin of Zurich's fair waters.”

With rum, gin, and cordial waters—how fat we get,
Though our cash it be wasting away.
Beware, then, of quarterns and snorters.
'Cause we for them dearly do pay. *Variete!*

DUETT.—Popular German Air.

Man. (*Bass.*) Mine Hertz will you marry me?
Woman. (*False! to.*) Lor, sir, what a fool you be!
Man. Mine shirts will you make for me?
Woman. Stuff and nonsense—fiddle de de?
Man. Oh, no!
Woman. Oh, yes!
Man. Oh, no!

GERMAN AIR.—“Du da Liegst mir in Herzen.”

Do, do like Mrs. Jackson—do, do like Mrs. Fin,
Do, do wear a light flaxen wig and shave your chin,
Ja, ja, ja, ja, wear a wig and shave your chin,
Ja, ja, ja, ja, wear a wig and shave your chin.

AIR.—“The Swiss Drover Boy.”

I'm a real Vitechapel Garman boy, a minstrel brave
and free,
I'll knock him down, whoe'er he be, vot comes any
lacks with me.
I'll whoop and bawl, I'll grunt and squall,
So swe'l a chip folks ne'er shall see;
My nose I'll blow, and away I'll go,
To out the Garman minstrel boy.
The Vitechapel minstrel boy. O I E O E.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Room, handsomely furnished.—3rd
Grooves, c. d., Sofa, Table, Chairs, large Screen,
&c. CAPTAIN POODLE, R. H., discovered.

Enter CAPTAIN KILLINGLY, L. H., musing—he
walks to the front, sees Poodle, frowns angrily at
him, and turns up the stage.

Cap. P. Nay, Killingly, I am very sorry for what
has passed—I didn't mean to offend you. I imagined
you would have made allowances for my warmth,
as we had agreed not to quarrel. Perhaps I carried
the joke a little too far. Shake hands.

Cap. K. With all my heart. (*Shaking hands.*)
You are still determined on pursuing the heiress, I
suppose?

Cap. P. No, my dear fellow; I'll resign her to
you; but first let me open your eyes respecting her
—she's an impostor.

Cap. K. An impostor!

Cap. P. Yes, she's a false woman.

Cap. K. What!

Cap. P. She has false teeth, false eyes, false hair,
and a false nose.

Cap. K. False nose!

Cap. P. Made of pasteboard and wax—I saw it
move, and heard it creak.

Cap. K. You astonish me. Is she really so
deplorable an object?

Cap. P. Not a doubt of it—I had my information
from her maid, who seem'd quite surprised I hadn't
heard of her mistress's little imperfections, as she
facetiously term'd them.

Cap. K. Wonderful! She appear'd to me to be
the perfection of female loveliness. Let us con-
gratulate ourselves on our escape, and never think
of attempting an heiress again.

Car. (*Without, as Mr. Fip Gayton.*) Come along,
Jessamy, you rascal; try if you cannot put on a
little more steam, and propel those lazy limbs of
yours a little faster. Come along, I say, or I'll
horsewhip you.

Cap. P. Somebody going to be horsewhipped by
steam!

Car. (*Without.*) Come on, you creeping rascal!
you'll put me in an unmeasurable passion.

Enters R. H. C. disguised as MR. FIP GAYTON, an
equisite, in the extreme of modern fashion.

Mr. F. Gentlemen, your most obedient—Jessamy,
you thief, if you do not make haste I'll knock you
down, tread you into mortar, and reduce you to
an impalpable powder. How d'ye do—individuals
—you don't know me, I believe. Ah, you have
got up stairs at last, you young grasshopper—come
along, make haste.

Sal. (*Without, as Jessamy.*) So I do, as much as
I can, but the things I've got to carry are so
heavy.

Enters C. disguised as a Tiger, with a brace of pistols, two swords, two sticks with basket hilts, a pair of boxing gloves, two pocket-handkerchiefs, a snuff-box, a very small horsewhip, and a bottle of Eau de Cologne.

Jes. I thought I never should have got up. Here's a load for a tiger—enough to kill a horse.

(Placing pistols, swords, &c., on a table, L. H.)

Cap. P. What the deuce does he want here, and what has his servant brought these things for?

Cap. K. Very odd!

Mr. F. Jessamy, give me a pinch—a—of snuff—tolerable—a—amalgamation. Will you insert—a—your digitals and—a—titilate your olfactorys?

(Presenting snuff-box to Cap. P. and Cap. K.)

Cap. P. *(Taking a pinch, and handing box to Cap. K.)* You are very polite. *(Aside.)* Did you ever meet with such a fool?

Cap. K. Never.

Mr. F. Jessamy, my pocket-handkerchief. *(Jessamy replies "Yes, sir," to every order.)* No, the other—the silk one—now the cambric—now the eau de Cologne. *(Sprinkling from the bottle.)* People have been dining here. Now, gentlemen, I have something to say to you. *(Sprinkling.)* You may come a little nearer—there, that will do. I presume you have not the happiness and honour of knowing me?

Cap. P. We have not.

Mr. F. I imagined so. Jessamy give these persons my card. *(Jessamy crosses and gives cards.)*

Cap. P. *(Reads.)* Mr. Fip Gayton.

Cap. K. *(Aside to Poodle.)* Gayton!—that's the name of the heiress—we're in a scrape.

Mr. F. Now, sirs, as the perusal of my card no doubt has possessed you with my name, allow me to add that I am the brother of Miss Gayton, the young lady whom you this morning presumed to annoy by intruding your particularly ugly persons into her presence, in the most unwarrantable, impertinent, unpardonable, ungentlemanly—in fact, demn'd blackguardly manner.

Cap. P. Sir, I—

Cap. K. Sir, allow me—

Mr. F. I will not be interrupted—hear me out, and then reply. If you presume to speak, I'll pulverize you. *(To Kill.)*

Cap. P. This is beyond bearing. Sir, I beg leave—

Mr. F. I beg your pardon, I beg leave. *(To Kill.)* I have come to call you to an account, and if you do not apologize I shall have the inordinate trouble of horsewhipping you.

Cap. P. and Cap. K. *(Advancing.)* Sir—

Mr. F. Jessamy, produce the implements—the marking irons. *(Jessamy produces pistols.)* I'm the best shot in England, if I am not, may I be reduced from the perpendicular to the horizontal by a misapplication of wine or spirits.

Cap. P. *(Aside to Killingly.)* Let us throw him out of the window.

Mr. F. Will you apologize?

Cap. P. and Cap. K. No.

Mr. F. Oh, very well! Jessamy, give me the horsewhip. *(Jessamy gives it.)*

Cap. K. The horsewhip!—zounds—

Cap. P. What do you mean, sir?

Mr. F. To apply it to your shoulders, unless you immediately apologize, No trifling—you'll find I'll keep my word; if I do not, may I dream of the devil, and be kicked to death by butterflies! A pinch of snuff, Jessamy.

Cap. P. This insolence is beyond bearing. Sir, if you do not immediately descend the stairs in the usual manner, curse me if I don't kick you from the top to the bottom.

Cap. K. And I'll assist your descent by throwing your rascally tiger after you.

Mr. F. What a pair of heroes! Touch me if you dare. *(Shaking whip.)* I have a friend at hand, a German baron, who is big enough to swallow you both. I thought you might presume on my want of physical force, so requested him to be in readiness in case of accidents. Walk in, Baron Sowercrouzensausagen, walk in.

Tom Twigg. *(Without, as Baron.)* Variete! Yah, yah, my lieber friend—yah, yah!

Enter TOM TWIGG, R. H. C., disguised as a German Minstrel, in a green frock coat, white hat and red feather, belt, striped shirt, &c.

Variete!—Ich haven schnapps—yah, yah! how you all do?

Mr. F. Now, gentlemen, here is my friend; you must perceive he is not a person to be trifled with, so we will proceed to business.

Bar. Yaw, yaw! dat is good—yah, yah, yah, hum, hum! *(Pretending to speak German.)*

Mr. F. Will you apologize, and promise to think of my sister no more?

Cap. P. No, sir—definitively and positively, no.

Mr. F. Baron, these persons are obstinate—what must we do with them?

Bar. *(Aside.)* What shall I say?

Mr. F. Talk about fighting.

Bar. I will. *(Crossing to Officers, and blustering.)* Der divel you—my lieber friend, hum, hum, hum—*(Pretending to speak German.)*—you—you—fight—fight! *(Throwing his arms about.)* Yah, yah, yah, damme, schnapps; like, pike, yah, yah, yah, kickeraboo, variete! *(Aside.)* That's capital, isn't it?

Car. *(Aside.)* Don't say too much.

Cap. P. *(Aside to Killingly.)* That fellow is an impostor. Go for the police.

Cap. K. I will.

(Going up, Tom intercepts them.)

Tom. Don't—don't, let me get out of the way.

(In his alarm he upsets the screen, and falls with it to the ground.—At that moment MR. GAYTON enters at C. D.—Tableau.)

Gay. Hollo, hollo! what the deuce is the matter now, gentlemen—what is the meaning of this?

Car. My father, again! Come along, Sally.

(Trying to escape, C. D., Poodle and Killingly interpose.)

Cap. P. Stop, stop, young gentleman; before you go, I must have a few words with you. Mr. Gayton, your son has presumed to behave to me and my friend in a most insulting manner.

Gay. My son!—what are you talking about? I have no son.

Cap. P. Indeed! Who then is that gentleman? *(Pointing to Caroline.)*

Gay. I don't know. *(Looking at Caroline.)* Why, as I live, 'tis my daughter Caroline!

Cap. P. and Cap. K. Your daughter!

Car. *(Curtseying.)* Yes, if you please, gentlemen.

Cap. P. Your daughter—astonishing! *(Looking at her.)* She called herself Sally Giggles.

Sally. (Advancing with Tom.) Yes, sir; that was only in fun—I'm Sally Giggles; you took me for the heiress.

Tom. And I'm Tom Twigg; you took me for a German musicianer. We've gammoned you above a bit, and no mistake! hum, hum, hum—variete!

Cap. P. I have been finely hoaxed. *(To Caroline.)* You, then, are—

Car. The supposed heiress. If you have anything to say, say it through my father, or the German baron.

Tom. Oh, you may say what you like through me. I ain't proud—I can take a joke. *(Holding out his hand to Caroline.)* The five pounds, you know, miss. *(She gives a note.)* Thank you, miss. *(Crosses to Poodle, and holds out his hand.)* I can take a joke, I say, sir. *(Poodle gives money.)* Thank you, sir. *(Crossing to Killingly, and holding out his hand.)* I can take another, sir. *(Killingly*

gives money.) Thank you, sir. *(To the audience.)* I know you can take a joke, and so I shan't ask you for nothing—but if you like to shake hands and do the handsome, why—I can take a joke—*(Should the audience applaud)—*thank you, you're real good 'uns. *(Returns to L. H.)*

Car. Well, as we all seem perfectly to understand each other, nothing remains to be done but to pop the question.

Cap. P. That I will do immediately. Charming Caroline, will you—

Car. (Interrupting.) Pshaw! time enough for that. I mean— *(Advancing to the audience.)*

*Will you our many faults forgive,
Applaud our farce, and let it live?
The Heiress then, with soldiers twain,
Will fight her battles o'er again.*

Disposition of the Characters at the fall of the Curtain.

KILLINGLY. MR. GAYTON. POODLE. CAROLINE. SALLY. TOM.

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